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Notes of the Week

WHEN the London Conference assembled we wrote that we were not hopeful of a successful result, and if by chance such a result were reached it would prove an exception to previous experience. It was obvious that if the delegates of the allies happened to be persons of exemplary moderation and diplomatic skill, Turkey might consent to a good deal which she would otherwise reject. We have no reason to think that the delegates displayed a conciliatory attitude. They viewed their luck, and in an inferior degree their skill, as assets which entitled them to act on the principle of "Vae Victis." The Turks are not a good sort of people on whom to practise such a line of conduct. The Turk not unnaturally despises upstart vassals, who quite erroneously claim classic descent for their mixed populations; and whilst he might be prepared to listen to reason from those who were temporarily victors—if his pride were spared—as in Rome until the age of Augustus the pride of the vanquished was studiously cared for—he will not listen to insolent dictation from those whose manumission is of yesterday. If the Powers had represented such views as these to the delegates of the allies, instead of endeavouring to bully the Porte, the prospects of peace would be brighter than they are to-day. The demand for the surrender of Adrianople is an outrage to which no self-respecting nation can be expected to submit, and we trust the Porte will reject it with finality.

Mr. Granville Barker was one of the guests at the annual dinner of the English Association at the Holborn Restaurant, and in responding made use of a pretty dialectical excuse. He said that while the printing of books has undoubtedly consolidated the English language, yet the present over-production bids fair to destroy it. A conversational style, "a strange jargon with clipped syllables and dropped letters," is becoming universal, and our sense of hearing is getting atrophied. He proceeded to suggest that this might be the reason that certain critics accused the actors in a recent Shakespearean production of speaking indistinctly. "The speaking on the stage might be bad, but he really thought the hearing in the audience was bad, too." Surely Mr. Barker was too clever; if the English people has to imagine what it only partially hears, the sense of hearing, far from being atrophied, must be very highly developed; therefore, a high standard of speech might be more readily appreciated. This deduction seems to be quite as logical as does Mr. Barker's neat method of making excuse.

We have lately noticed a peculiar method of reviewing in a weekly paper, with a certain reputation for the possession of an interesting page dealing with current books. It had recently a long review purporting to deal with Volumes IV—XVI of the works of Thomas Hardy. Settling down to read it, we found a few general lines about Hardy's work, and the rest of the lengthy review treating in detail of "Under the Greenwood Tree," the reviewer admitting that it is his "favourite book." We would not for a moment insinuate that he has not read many of the Wessex novels; he may be familiar with them all; but it is certainly a most convenient way of finishing twelve volumes off-hand. And is it quite fair to publisher or author? There is, of course, a difficulty; one cannot "review" a dozen books, each of which has qualities to render it notable, in a column or two; on the other hand, Thomas Hardy needs no reviewing, in the ordinary sense, at this time of day. But every reviewer has, or should have, something to say that is worth hearing; to range the books in groups of three or four, and on each group to build a little essay, would seem the more reasonable procedure in this case.

The problem of the "tip" has been solved in a novel manner in a New York luncheon room frequented by girl clerks. Instead of leaving the surreptitious donation on the table, the customers "make useful little presents" to the waitresses at special seasons—glove cases, pin-cushions, ties and handkerchiefs, and other trifles; while sometimes, we are told, a group of them will combine to purchase a rather more valuable article. We sincerely trust that this peculiar innovation will not spread into higher circles and cross the Atlantic. The picture of wearied gatherings of city men discussing whether the waiter would like a fur coat or a marble clock seems to have its pathetic side. Most waiters of our acquaintance, we fancy, will continue to prefer a little work of art in silver—with the King's image and superscription upon it.

An Enlightened Decision

THERE is a passage in his Constitutional History in which Hallam writes with approval of a method such as that which has been adopted as the basis of a rational Unionist policy to be presented to the electorate at the next General Election. Hallam, discussing a political situation of extreme difficulty, laid down as an axiom:—The science of politics, like that of medicine, consists in devising a remedy for immediate and pressing needs. If that axiom be accepted as valid, it is evident that the course to which the Unionist leaders have assented has authoritative endorsement.

The immediate and pressing need of the moment is the supersession of the present Ministry, which, constantly exceeding the mandate of the last General Election, has entered on a course of extravagant expenditure which is absolutely at variance with one of the three leading tenets of its traditional faith.

Those who have followed politics closely will not be inclined to lavish praise indiscriminately on a policy of retrenchment. It is well known that Mr. Gladstone's passion for surpluses often spelt national inefficiency in various services, and directly led to expenditure by his successors which appeared to fasten on them the charge of extravagance. It was possible to object to Mr. Gladstone's policy as one of fictional benefit, but at least it was in accordance with the policy of which his party claimed a monopoly.

The extraordinary feature of the policy of the present Cabinet has been that at the instance of one very prominent and pushful member it has embarked on a career of unexampled profusion. Legislation, of an apparently beneficent nature, has borne in its train such a burden of expenditure that national detriment, and not national advantage, has resulted, and will continuously result.

It is true it was argued that various classes—some wealthy and some enjoying a competence—could be made to bear the cost of Utopian schemes. Even if that contention were true, no one but the Socialist mob-orator on Tower Hill would deduce anything but grave damage to the wage-earning classes. It has, however, become apparent that the contention has no validity, because the cost of the experimental legislation introduced by the present Government has been met to no small extent by the imposition of taxes on the food of the poorest classes, and by the wholly indefensible retention of war taxes impoverishing all taxpayers of moderate means, and limiting the scope of investment in productive industries. Those who may justly apprehend further encroachments on their surplus income will naturally hesitate, where, a quarter of a century ago, they would, as a matter of course, have engaged in enterprise, yielding employment and wages. It is all very

well to flourish statistics of imports and exports, but every man who is sufficiently interested to trouble himself about his neighbour's condition is aware, that with the exception of a few industries in which there is at present a temporarily inflated prosperity, never has the level of unemployment and misery been more pronounced.

We are not writing in any carping spirit, or as one desirous of imputing bad motives to opponents, but rather as one desirous of upholding politics as the science of the greatest good for the greatest number.

Why is the science of politics often suggested as outside of literary criticism? It is not because the science has not been habitually treated by the greatest writers of ancient and modern times, but possibly because in the conflicts of factions and of parties every element of science has been eliminated, and only appeals to the cupidity or passions of populaces for the personal advantage of the politician, have been framed in political guise. Why did the Roman Senator seeking election as Consul put in the forefront of his appeal free or freer corn for the populace; why was Octavian, seeking to inaugurate an Empire of peace and progress, careful to have at his disposal the fabulous wealth of Egypt? It was because popular support must usually be purchased by obvious personal advantage to the elector.

If the old days of bribery had to a certain extent receded into the background, the guerdon belongs to the present Government of having brought its essence back into the forefront.

It is on such grounds as these that the primary duty of the Opposition at the present time appears to be to offer to the electorate a cleaner alternative, which may tend to elevate politics to the position which we have claimed for the science. To have persisted in advocating a method of policy, which—owing to increased agricultural prosperity—existing conditions do not imperatively call for, would have been in effect to sacrifice the greater object to that of momentarily lesser importance.

Every competent canvasser knows that industrial centres require further education before there is a chance of their accepting anything which—however delusively—may appear to them to add an oppressive burden to their weekly budget. They cannot be blamed. Their margin is too small, and misunderstood possibilities are too alarming.

A schedule and a frank policy—understood of the people—will ensure success in the long run. Before the next election the time is too short to repair Unionist errors of the past. A balance-sheet and the confidence it would command will in due course ensure the success of the complete policy of Tariff reform—"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

CECIL COWPER.

The Birth of Language.—I

HERODOTUS tells us that the Phrygians and Egyptians both claimed to be the oldest nation on earth till Psammetichus, King of Egypt, decided to settle the question once for all. To that end he took two new-born infants and gave them in charge of a shepherd with orders to place them both in a lonely hut among the hills, to allow them the maternal attentions of a she-goat, and on no account to let them hear the sound of human speech. These instructions the shepherd carried out for two years, when, one day, on opening the door of the hut, both children rushed towards him with outstretched arms exclaiming: "Bekos!" At first the shepherd took no notice of this demonstration, but when they repeated it at every subsequent entrance, he reported the matter to the King. The sovereign ordered the children to be brought into his presence, and, having assured himself of the truth of the shepherd's report, set enquiries on foot to discover if "Bekos" was a word employed in any existing language. He found that it was a Phrygian word for "bread." This result was supposed to have established the claim of the Phrygians to be the oldest nation on earth.

It must be regretted that the King of Egypt did not carry his investigation further and in a more scientific spirit, for in that case he might have solved for all time a far more interesting question than that of the relative antiquity of the Phrygians and the Egyptians—the question of the origin of language. In no other way could a final answer be given to this tantalising problem than by isolating two or more human beings in the manner described by Herodotus, and by observing what means of communication they evolved by the sole light of Nature, and whether these had any points in common with the existing languages of to-day. The question, therefore, is not likely to receive any conclusive answer in our time, for among those nations imbued with sufficient scientific curiosity to desire a solution, such experiments with human beings are forbidden alike by sentiment and morality.

At the present time the theorists on this subject are divided into two schools, whom we may call the evolutionists and the agnostics. The former hold that language evolved from natural cries and ejaculations and from imitations of natural sounds. Thus the noun "ache" is merely the ejaculation "ach!" the cry of pain; the pronoun "me" is the ejaculation "ahem!" by which the intending speaker calls attention to his own presence. The evolutionists admit that the claim of association in the case of many words consists wholly of missing links, and content themselves with exhibiting those few which still exist in a perfect state.

The word whose interjectional pedigree has been most satisfactorily established is "ugly." Chance has preserved for us several fragments of old Scottish poetry which seem designed to confirm the evolutionist theory:

The rattling drum, the trumpets' shout,
Delight young swankies that are stout;
What his kind frightened mother *ugs* (i.e., views with horror.)
Is music to the sodger's lugs.

In a passage of Hardyng it is related how the Abbess of Coldingham, having cut off her own nose and lips for the purpose of striking the Danish ravishers with horror:—

Conseilled al her systers to do the same
To make their foes *houge* so with the sight,
And so they did afore the enemies came
Eche one their nose and overlip full right
Cut off anon, which was a *hougly* sight.

In his translation of Virgil, Gawain Douglas writes:—

The ugsomeness and silence of the nyght
In every place my sprete made sore aghast.

Another important source of word formation is the imitation of natural sounds which by association are used to indicate the objects producing them. Thus by saying "moo" or "boo" we can indicate the animal which makes such a sound, as in the Greek "bous," an ox, pronounced "boose," and the American "moose." By saying "crack" we can reproduce the audible symptoms of breaking earthenware. This path, however, does not at first sight seem to take us very far; for it gives us no handle by which to lay hold of such objects as are naturally mute. It is easy enough to make a noise like a cow or a breaking plate, but how are we to make a noise like a nut? And in general, how are we to indicate the ideas of sight and touch which are, in fact, far more numerous than those of sound. "For this one of the senses," says Aristotle, of sight, "is more than all the others a source of knowledge and discovers many varieties in things." The reply to this is that the kind of sound which an object produces is largely determined by its shape; hence the sound can be used to signify the latter and so can be applied to mute objects of the same shape. Thus by the sound "peep peep" we imitate the cry of small birds; whence the Latin word "pipio," "a small bird"; a similar shrill sound, however, is produced by blowing into a hollow reed; hence "pipe," formerly the imitation of a sound, comes to mean anything of cylindrical shape.

The natural cries of the human infant in particular furnish the roots of many common words. "Goo-goo," says the happy babe, and the same sound is uttered by deaf mutes. Hence perhaps the words "good" and perhaps "God." "How are you on the deaf and dumb, Bilgewater?" says the "King" to the "Duke" in Mark Twain's immortal romance. "The 'Duke' said leave him alone for that, he had played a deaf and dumb person on the histrionic boards." Later on we hear of him "goo-gooing with all his might for joy, like a baby that can't talk." "Goo-goo" is the first articulate sound which the infant utters; this is followed in turn by "ma-ma," "ta-ta," and "pa-pa," which furnish the substance of words found in all European languages. "Dear pappu," says Nausicaa to her father in the Odyssey—and the word is spelt with the same letters which we use in English to-day—"will you please harness for me the wagon, that I may take the dirty clothes down to the river to wash them."

To this view of the origin of speech the more orthodox philologists are strongly, almost fiercely opposed. "Man is only man by speech," wrote Wilhelm von Hum-

boldt, "and in order to discover speech he must be already man"; and again: "Philosophers who imagine that the first man left to himself would have gradually emerged from a state of mutism and have invented words for each new conception that arose in his mind forget that man could not by his own power have acquired the faculty of speech, which is a distinctive character of man, unattained and unattainable by the brute creation."

"The onomatopoeic theory," says Max Müller, "goes very smoothly so long as it deals with cackling hens and quacking ducks, but round that poultry yard there is a dead wall and we soon find that it is behind this wall that language really begins." Interjections, he maintains, are generically distinct from words proper, and cannot, therefore, become the germ of words; to this day they remain grammatically isolated from all other parts of speech, penned in their own enclosures, like remnants of a barbarous people in a land inhabited by a civilised race, with whom they can claim no kinship and are admitted to no intercourse. This view is confirmed by Horne Tooke, who writes: "The domain of speech is founded on the downfall of interjections."

The business of philology, according to this school, is to investigate not the absolute origins of speech, but the relations of European languages to one another, and to their common progenitor, Sanskrit. When a word has been referred back to one of the four or five hundred roots, of which Sanskrit is composed, it has been explained as far as science can explain it. A friend of the writer was present at the last lecture delivered by Max Müller before his death; in his closing words the lecturer said that "notwithstanding the immense progress made in the study of comparative philology during the last century, concerning the actual origin of speech, science could as yet tell us nothing." Like Herbert Spencer, Max Müller concluded his career by a declaration of complete agnosticism respecting the explanation of those phenomena to the study and classification of which he had devoted the labour of a lifetime. Such are the triumphs of modern philosophy. The beginning of wisdom, according to the ancients, was the discovery of one's own ignorance; but according to the moderns this discovery is also the end of wisdom.

JOHN RIVERS.

Germany's Most Popular Politician I.

REVIEWED BY ED. BERNSTEIN.

OF all the living prominent politicians of the German Empire none is to-day equal in popularity to August Bebel, the veteran leader of the social-democratic party. He might, perhaps, if the question were put to a referendum, not just get a clear absolute majority of all the votes. But there is no doubt possible that he would get by the million more votes than any

* *My Life*. By AUGUST BEBEL. With Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

of his rivals in Germany's political arena, and this not as a tribute—so often not much more than a fit of sentimental emotion—to his advanced age. As a matter of fact August Bebel was not less popular than to-day at the time when he was in the best part of a man's life. He was from a very early time of his career one of the striking personalities of his country's political world.

Not that he exhibited at once particularly brilliant qualities. There was in his speeches very little of that literary elegance which marked the delivery of the great orators of world fame. They impressed by their solidity and outspokenness, but otherwise were void of historical parallels and figures which give an oration the touch of a poet's diction. With all his political radicalism and social idealism Bebel was too much of a rationalist and a matter-of-fact man to be carried away to poetical flights. His mind was in a high degree that of a sober citizen, and in many respects he did not much differ from the root-and-branch Puritans of the seventeenth century who were anything but elegant speakers and fighters. You notice this when you read his autobiography, of which the first two parts have just appeared in an English translation.

The paramount quality of this book is the honest simplicity with which the author tells the story of his agitated and agitating career. There is no endeavour at piquancy or at colouring the writer's doings. In the most unaffected style he relates his private and public experiences, and if he sins it is rather on the side of prosiness than of imagination. But for all this his book is not at all dry reading. It speaks through his matter, and the matter is interesting and lively enough.

August Bebel was born in the year 1840 as the son of a Prussian non-commissioned officer. He lost his father when he was four years old, so that almost all he knows of him is based on the narration of his mother about her first husband. From her he heard that the father had often cursed his position, and on his death-bed made his mother promise under no conditions to send the sons to the military orphanage. By very little this remarkable pledge would have been broken. For the father left his wife without the means to rear up the two small boys, and the brother of the father who married the widow from a sense of duty, died two years afterwards, so that there was much temptation to deliver the boys after all to the training for a subordinate military career. But the bravery of his mother, of whom August Bebel speaks with the greatest love and admiration, overcame the difficulty. With hard work and great privations she managed to spare the boys the vocation of the father. She, too, however, died very early. At thirteen years of age August Bebel was an orphan, and after about a year's life in the cottage of an aunt, he was apprenticed to a master turner, the entrance to his life as an artizan.

In spite of all the hardships his parents and he himself had to endure and that as a small boy already he

had at times worked for money to earn something for the household, Bebel had been brought up in the social conception of the lower middle classes. This was in accordance with the general state of German industry in those days. Great capitalistic factories were still the exception; the small trades prevailed and the journeyman of these trades looked with something like contempt on the factory worker. Imbued with ideas of this kind Bebel, when his apprenticeship was over, did his years of wandering. He saw a good deal of the middle and southern parts of Germany, and tramped also through some parts of Austria, then an important partner of the German confederation. Although not strong in health, he was of a cheerful temper and not indisposed to pieces of juvenile wantonness. As of his occasional "larks" in boyhood Bebel speaks of these with much complacency. Evidently he wants to emphasise that he was far from being a model boy. But it leaks everywhere through that at bottom he was a steady-going fellow. An almost passionate atheist and opponent of the churches he relates many good things of the Catholic young working men's clubs he entered during his wanderings.

Altogether the mental evolution of young Bebel reflects pretty faithfully the evolution of the German wage-earners of the period as a whole. Arriving in Leipzig in May, 1860, he joins there a club for the promotion of the knowledge of the working-classes founded by Liberals, becomes an ardent adherent of Liberalism himself and opposes Ferdinand Lassalle when in 1863 the latter raised the flag of socialism and equal manhood suffrage. In fact we find him, then a wage-earner himself, maintaining that the mass of his fellow workers are not ripe for the suffrage. He establishes himself as a master turner and becomes a member of the executive of the union of Liberal working men's clubs founded against the social-democratic propaganda. In this capacity he displays an extraordinary zeal and power for work, turns out an effective speaker, and is for several years the delight and the pride of the Liberal Progressists. But gradually the Saulus becomes a Paulus of socialistic ideas, a process greatly advanced by the influence of Wilhelm Liebknecht, the revolutionary Socialist, who in 1865 had settled in Leipzig after having been expelled from Prussia; but to a great extent also the result of what he saw of the great miseries of the working classes, in particular of the textile workers in Saxony and other German States, miseries to heal which the nostrums then preached by the Liberals he recognised as quite insufficient. Another influence to push him toward Radicalism was the turn of the German question in 1866. That the Liberals took sides with Prussia was not at all to the taste of Bebel. Prussian he was himself by birth. But his sympathies were with the democratic Grossdeutsche, the adherent of a Great Germany inclusive of Austria. These movements are very tellingly described, so that the book affords a vivid view of one of the most interesting periods of the history of modern Germany.

REVIEWS

The Lady Muse

New Poems. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death and the Spring. By SAROJINI NAIDU. With an Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

Lyric Leaves. By S. GERTRUDE FORD. (C. W. Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

Immanence: A Book of Verses. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

An Idyll, and Other Poems. By E. HAMILTON MOORE. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)

Poems of Life and Form. By L. F. WYNNE FFOULKES. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

IT is a sign of the times that one can take up at once half a dozen new volumes of verse, all by women authors. They vary in merit, of course, but most of them are of distinctly high quality, and one or two almost touch the phenomenal. It is a very happy portent, for not only has woman a peculiar place in poetic art and a vision of her own to interpret, but her possibilities in this respect have by no means yet been fulfilled. To Mrs. Shorter—with whom one is accustomed to associate Katherine Tynan—we owe grateful thanks for some specifically feminine contributions to English poetry. This new slim book, containing in all but fifteen poems, adds nothing, perhaps, of a momentous character to her previous achievement, but such poems as "The Good Lord Gave," and "The Six Sorrows," belong to the distinct order that has earned our gratitude. A large proportion of the fifteen are ballads; a form which Mrs. Shorter handles very happily. "The Four Children: a Ballad of Good Intentions" is delightfully managed. Indeed, between first and last—all too short a span—is a charming little bouquet of skilful and convincing verse; yet nothing finer than the first, a striking poem of spiritual indifference, and the last, "When I Shall Rise."

Sarojini Naidu provides us with something in the nature of a sensation. In his introduction to "The Bird of Time" Mr. Edmund Gosse modestly explains the part he was privileged to play as poetic mentor to the author. She brought him some early essays in verse, wonderfully correct and scholarly, but almost wholly derivative and Western in thought and expression. He discreetly counselled her to write out of her own heart; to lend her gift to the interpretation of the mystery and passion of the East; "to be a genuine Indian poet of the Deccan, not a clever machine-made imitator of the English classics." This admonition, so wisely imparted, Mrs. Naidu as wisely followed; some of the fruits we have seen and tasted already, and here is a further vintage. In a word, this remarkable lady has made herself the mistress of an altogether unique occasion. Her early schooling in the art of English prosody has stood her in good stead, and the proficiency thus gained has become the vehicle of her own opulent heritage. The issue is strikingly felicitous, and—as we have said—unique. We have the poetry of the East in

its authentic flow, unvitiated by the dubious medium of translation. Warmth and colour, of course, are marked characteristics, vividly persisting in the mind long after the poems are read. The beauty, the wistfulness, and the sadness that suspire in the Indian sunshine are here also. But when full meed has been granted to racial qualities, the genuine poetic crasis remains. There is the unmistakable ring of sincerity, the personal appraisal of life, the lyric fervour that is so rare and conclusive an accomplishment. Let us be content to quote a stanza or two from "At Twilight: On the Way to Golconda." The poet, courting solitude, meets among the hills the canopied bier of "some loved woman," borne—

To the blind, ultimate silence of the dead. . . .

O lost, O quenched in unawakening sleep
The glory of her dear, reluctant eyes!
O hushed the eager feet that knew the steep
And intricate ways of ecstasy and sighs!
And dumb with alien slumber, dim and deep,
The living heart that was love's paradise!

Quick with the sense of joys she hath foregone,
Returned my soul to beckoning joys that wait,
Laughter of children and the lyric dawn,
And love's delight, profound and passionate,
Winged dreams that blow their golden clarion,
And hope that conquers immemorial hate.

That is beyond question; and when we have recovered from the shock of poetic delight we are left marvelling that the instrument of her own familiar language has been so nobly entreated by one of alien tongue.

The first thing that impresses us in Miss Gertrude Ford's work is its real exuberance. There is very little in her book that has not apparently been written out of a full heart and an exalted mood. Next we discover that she has a very keen sense of the magic and music of words. These two excellent qualities, however, working together, are apt to lend Miss Ford's verse the suggestion of a lack of restraint at times. If, as we imagine, this is her maiden book, there will be plenty of opportunity for the tendency to be corrected, and at the same time for the distinct promise of these pages to fulfil itself. Her own rendering of Verlaine's injunctions "On the Poetic Art"—especially the sixth stanza—should serve her well as monitor. To her appreciation of the music of rhyme and rhythm let these lines from "An Echo of Shelley" witness:—

When thy voice bids the air rejoice till it wakes and
breaks

Into bells, my love,
When my heart, coming where thou art, sees the
shrine divine

Where it dwells, my love. . . .

The danger of such rhyme-chiming, carried to excess, is of course obvious, but it is very pretty once in a way; and to give Miss Ford her due, she keeps a fairly steady hand on the whole. Only occasionally a word or phrase

stands out rather nakedly, with little but its intrinsic charm to plead for it. On the other hand, she can here and there be caught tripping at her own game—as when her enthusiasm for the Suffrage leads her into the unpleasing rhyme of "dust is" and "justice," or when she condones such a cobble-stone line as—

The lands Love calls in Christ.

At the same time, her work is fresh and virile, and in a few instances, forgetting to be whimsical and fantastic, she delights us with an almost perfect lyric, pure in feeling, unfaltering and unerring in diction. Such are: "From Latmos to Luna," "Christina Rossetti," "A Little Grave," and the "Ballade of March."

Miss Evelyn Underhill came prominently before the public a short time ago as the writer of a brilliant and sympathetic study of "Mysticism." The title of the volume now under notice announces her in the rôle of poet in the same field. Let it be written at once that it is a quite remarkable achievement—remarkable because of its poetic execution, and remarkable also because for any one to attempt such a rôle who is not in heart and nature a mystic is to court inevitable and ignominious failure. There are just sufficient elusive reminders of the older mystic poets—Traherne and Vaughan and Crashaw and John Norris of Bemerton—to seal her true kindred, but her vision is bold and underivative, her cadence and phrasing splendidly inevitable, and the impression generated is that rare one of a natural organism. It would be easy to pick out fragment after fragment of beauty such as catches the breath. Here is a small handful:—

Maternal presences that slowly move
On the curved meadows of the upper air
Where freckled flocks athwart the pastures rove:

The furry bee,
The petalled meek delight
That folds the flower's dear secret from the night,
New bracken-tips tight curled,
The radiance and the rain
Dappling with mystery the homely plain. . . .

. . . . intimate quiet gesture of a friend.
The benediction of the unhouselled sea.

But such pickings are scarce adequate as samplers. The whole movement of these pieces is so breathless, so irresistible. The strong current of deep, mystical emotion carries the verse along through detail after detail of swift loveliness until the cumulative effect is almost overwhelming, to the point of tears. Here Miss Underhill invites comparison with none better than Francis Thompson. A notable example of this rapid and exalted movement is a magnificent poem entitled "Celestial Beauty," from which we must find space to quote a few lines. It is "Celestial Beauty" who speaks:—

Mine was the comfort, mine the mystic cup,
'Twas my twin-brother Pain outpoured the wine:

Our mutual care his crown
 Did cunningly entwine
 With branches from the secret rose-bush torn—
 Earth's blossoming thorn
 Of thwarted but unconquered loveliness,
 The brows of my beloved to adorn.
 Where Life was first struck down
 Beneath the Tree,
 There was I lifted up,
 The hierophant of Life new-made to be.
 I rent the veil; I thrust the eager lance
 Straight to the living heart of all romance.

We are disposed to regard this little book as one of the poetic events of the Autumn publishing season, and shall look with keen anticipation for Miss Underhill's future volumes; for there can be little doubt she will give us more. One or two of these poems have appeared in the columns of *THE ACADEMY*.

Miss Hamilton Moore's verse goes a quieter pace, but it is skilfully indited and is informed with sincere feeling. We like the quality of her muse, especially in "The Empty Houses." There are some few meritorious sonnets—"Haunted" and "Moonlight" are perhaps the best—though Miss Moore is not happiest in the sonnet form; and a number of "Octosyllabics" which are practically sonnets of an eight-syllable line. The most striking of these latter is a little group bearing such grim titles as "Murder" and "Felo de Se." The verse is consistently graceful and never descends to mere versifying, though in this instance a little more liberty would not be amiss. It is ill quarrelling with the colour of the lady muse's eyes, we know, but if she stirred our blood a little more we should like her all the better.

It is a rather curiously compacted volume that Mrs. Wynne Ffoulkes provides. By far the greater proportion consists of light verse essays in the old French forms. To quote the obligingly explanatory wrapper, the author "has experimented in every exotic form," which might be allowed to stand for very good criticism. She has certainly shown amazing industry; ballades, roundels, rondeaus, villanelles, triolets, kyrielles, sestinas, pantoums, lais—all are abundantly, in fact super-abundantly represented. Mrs. Wynne Ffoulkes would have been well advised to have torn up half of them. Some are quite pretty and pleasing, but many have little to recommend them apart from their conformation. Thus, a virelai with a suggested "critic's note" appended calls for no critical notice at all, so far as we can see. The other ingredient of the volume is a peculiar type of poem that deals with such entities as "Transcendent Mid-Radiancy" and "Macrocosmic Source," and shouts harmless words at you in various degrees of capitals—a silly habit to which we strongly object as irritating and nerve-destroying. It savours of the cabalistic flummery favoured by "Old Moore" to lend awesomeness to vacuity, and its natural effect is to make one refuse to read it. This book is the only real disappointment of a very interesting group, and it is dedicated to a princess.

Oriental Imagination

Folk-Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. LAL BEHARI DAY, Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

THIS is not a new work. The twenty-two stories collected in it were, as the preface states, published in 1883, when the author, who had been converted to Christianity at the age of seventeen, was fifty-seven years of age and a Professor at an Indian College in Bengal. It had been suggested to him to make a collection of the unwritten stories which old women in India recite to little children in the evenings, and he found various persons, such as a Bengali Christian woman, some Brahmans, and others, who contributed in their vernacular the stories which he translated into English. There is one curious feature about them, that they all end with the same formula, a string of nonsense—perhaps composed to amuse little children—of which the compiler himself did not understand the meaning. The novelty of this reproduction of the old tales consists in the thirty-two coloured illustrations, which are pretty and artistic, and appropriate to the Oriental scenes and buildings, beautiful damsels and handsome youths represented.

The folk-tales indigenous to every country naturally take their tinge and tone from the traditions and circumstances of the land of their origin. In this collection the most prominent actors are the Rakshasas and Rakshasis, male and female, who in Hindu mythology are huge giants and giantesses, or rather demons. The word, according to the author, means literally raw-eaters; they were probably regarded as the chiefs of the aborigines whom the Aryans overthrew on their first settlement in India. Brahmans, also, figure largely in the tales. Much is made of the adventures of young princes in quest of young ladies, who are always of exquisite beauty, the fairest of the fair, protected by more virtue than clothing, as the pictures show. Wonderful exploits are performed by magic and supernatural aid. Dangerous and huge serpents are always decapitated at the right moment. Time and distance are annihilated by rides on winged steeds and unseen movements, when required. Polygamy is accepted as natural and legitimate, as well as Hindu mythology, with its 330 millions of gods. Burying alive is an ordinary punishment, constantly inflicted, with additional torture. Though there is a strong family likeness throughout the tales, there is little actual repetition; the account of some bees in a tank is twice told in the fourth and nineteenth stories.

There is nothing in these imaginary tales to which grown-up readers need take exception, though the language is sometimes too plain, and unsuited to the drawing-room. It was long since said that the Hindu possesses a simplicity which conceives that what can exist without blame may be named without offence. But there are limitations imposed by our civilisation. A little pruning would have improved the translations; it is not always desirable to call a spade a spade. At any

rate, it is not a book for young persons, whom it is better not to introduce to questions of female honour and chastity, of married life and its consequences, in which the Indian reciter and author may see no harm. The stories are so far satisfactory to read that they always end successfully, virtue triumphing over vice. Marvellous as they are, none of them is so wonderful as the close of the fifteenth story, where "the Brahman" lived happily for many years, begetting sons and grandsons" (*sic*). This is an unusual feat. In other cases the heroes are content with fine families of sons and daughters.

Various Songs

The Agate Lamp. By EVA GORE-BOOTH. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Venturers, and other Poems. By VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS. (V. L. Ellis, 21, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.)

Triolets and other Songs. By MAUDE BEDDINGTON. (Truslove and Hanson. 1s.)

RHYMERS by the hundred are busily engaged all the year round in producing neat and careful verses that range from the impish triolet to the dignified ode, and not one in a score of them ever rises to any distinction. We read, and pass on unmoved, just as on a journey we pass the level miles of pastoral scenery which can be characterised as pleasant and pretty, but by no means thrilling. Here and there, however, we find the glimpse of something better, and feel the need of telling others that they may share the joy of the exception.

The three little volumes before us are too good to be left with the flood of verse that seems to be continually at spring tide; they are waves which, leaping higher, catch the light. Miss Gore-Booth has taken so many pains with her work that we could wish the few blemishes of her technique removed; we do not care for the rhyming of "arm" and "calm," "door" and "war," "shores" and "wars," nor does the use of "comraded" as a verb to rhyme with "read" seem anything but a back-door exit from a difficult position. The best poems in the book, however, are free from irritating slips and flaws of emphasis, and the critical reader is bound to admit that they reach a fine standard of what we may term execution without inspiration. There is no fire, no passion, no impression given that these things had to be written; but to make that a condition would set too exigent a task to the present generation—most poets of to-day write because they like to, not because they must. Miss Gore-Booth's sonnets have a rather laboured touch; one of them is distinguished by a rhyme-order which may be original, as far as we know, but which does not commend itself to the ear attuned to the usual forms: *abaa, bbac, dedede*. "The Immortal Soul" is a poem which will

bear reading many times; it comes nearer to the ideal than any other, though far too long to quote in full:—

As vestals in a city marred
By war and famine, change and fate,
Through the long centuries could guard
The dreams of Rome inviolate,

So has she held in her long trust
The wisdom and the fire of earth;
She stands between us and the dust,
From death to death, from birth to birth.

And in "The Man Who Would Remember" the author has one of those delightful fancies which thrill the soul of any poet when he ponders upon what could be done with it by a Meredith or a Shelley—the idea of a soul refusing to drink the waters of oblivion. Miss Gore-Booth holds her own well, and has decorated the thought very delicately and beautifully; for these two poems alone we value her work.

Mr. V. L. Ellis is one of the sensible few who publish at long intervals a small volume of true poetry, packed with thought, well reasoned, and with hardly a fault in technique—though in this latest little book of his we discovered to our amazement and sorrow a rhyme of "dawn" with "borne." Let that pass for an oversight; it is the drop of bitterness which may serve to bring out the savour of the rest. There is a fine, grave effect about it all, as of an organ played by a master who could, if he would, give us brilliance and dash in abundance, but who prefers to subdue the great instrument to his own pensive mood. Let us illustrate by one sonnet, chosen from several:—

There is a world beyond the world of dreams,
A beauty not of those imagined skies;
O thou, earth's child, whose phantom-lighted eyes
Have watched the sunken starlight's tenuous beams,
Hope plunged in midnight's strait and pitchy streams
At glassy ebb: O thou sleep-wanderer, rise,
Along the river's dangerous margin lies
The way thou camest to these cold extremes.
So be thou saved returning, to survive
The watery perils of that forlorn shore;
If in thy camp-fire some small flicker live
To guide thee home, thou wilt not wander more;
Life has no fairer world than this to give,
And heaven is thine whose quest of it is o'er.

The organ tones are here, and the suggestion of power held in leash; the five or six sonnets are a real contribution to modern poetry. In the lyric Mr. Ellis can touch the chords lightly and effectively; "Eyes Can No Falsehood Tell" is charming, but the last two stanzas are all that we can quote:—

But wanting thine eyes' flame,
Though my heart burn as true,
I must use words, the same
As false ones do;

I must for thy dear sake
Tune those old strings again,
That now had better break
Than speak in vain.

There are several lyrics far above the level of the little tepid songs that pass for poetry in most similar volumes, and, as we have welcomed Mr. Ellis's careful work before in these columns, so we greet it again, heartily. But let him not be *too* careful—it is our parting word of friendly warning—lest the cold skill of the artist become too evident.

Eight triolets, a *rondeau redoublé*, and two sonnets are the modest contribution of Miss Beddington in the dainty little booklet which she has illustrated very prettily herself. The triolet, we suppose, is attempted by most people who write verse—we all pass through the stage when the French forms make an irresistible appeal, and a good stage it is for discipline. We begin with the triolet because it looks so absurdly easy; we go on to the *rondeau* because it attracts us by a certain "trickiness," perhaps; we try a ballade, and have to admit that it is not as easy as it seems, and we come to unutterable grief over the sestina and the chant royal. Still, the work was worth doing as a preliminary training in the craft of words. The triolets in this volume are very delicate—it is always something of a triumph to enclose a serious thought in an essentially frivolous form; the *rondeau redoublé* is good—and to those who know the amount of nerve wear-and-tear that goes to the composition of a good specimen this will be high praise; as to the sonnets, they call for no special remark. Miss Beddington must beware of the use of "did" as a means of effecting the scansion of a line: "The mocking winds did slyly sing"; "I did behold the strange procession pass," are illustrations of a faulty method. Each of these volumes has its value, on different planes, and none of them will bring disappointment to the reader.

Macready

The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851.
Edited by WILLIAM TOYNBEE. Two Vols. With Portraits. (Chapman and Hall. 32s. net.)

THERE is a fascination about these diaries. They are so terse, so vivid, so intimate, so self-revealing. Every page is stamped by a turbulent personality. We are aware of a great actor in a setting of Victorian domesticity, and no less conscious of the fact that he was a hard fighter. On the stage, in the green-room, in the club, he was always abusing someone, always showering bitter epithets upon those misguided people who did not apprise him at his own valuation. Macready loathed stage life and all its associations. The low actor, the dissolute actress, the unscrupulous manager, and journalists who harped on Kemble and Kean, awakened invectives that have never been equalled. His early training, his intellectual pursuits, and, above all, his inordinate pride unfitted him to associate with the members of his profession. Without that domestic touch, which was so strong in him—his love for his wife Catherine and his children—it is more than probable that he would have devoted himself to a more harmonious calling.

The actor at that time was regarded as a vagabond, and Dickens' Crummles was by no means simply a caricature. Macready was conscious of a stigma that has happily been removed from the theatrical world of to-day. He was hypersensitive. He could not endure adverse criticism, and imagined that enemies were working against him in the Press. He made no pretence to conceal his weaknesses; over and over again he bemoans his lack of self-control, and over and over again he calls upon the Almighty to give him power to combat this particular failing. He writes: "I dread the effects of my intolerant and impetuous temper. God be my friend, for I am too often an enemy to myself!" This was true enough, for he was more his own enemy than "the vile reptile," Bunn. He invoked God with alarming frequency, read Mrs. Brunton's "Self-Control," enjoyed the peace of his garden before breakfast, and read family prayers, but these salutary influences were of no avail. Macready had a terrible temper, and that terrible temper had to have its way, to be momentarily lulled in abject repentance and a fresh resolve for the future. He certainly had much to contend with, but he exaggerated his grievances and imagined many of his troubles. He had no reason to be jealous, and yet on every possible and impossible occasion he showed a pettiness of outlook that is almost revolting. That blind egotism and awful sensitiveness caused him acute suffering. Though an Irishman, he was almost entirely lacking in a sense of humour. He saw the loss of dignity occasioned by an outbreak of anger, but he never perceived it from a ludicrous point of view. He was, as a rule, sanctimoniously serious. Mr. Toynbee writes: "'Improving the mind' was a process which he imported into his home life with an assiduity that would have inspired Mr. Barlow of 'Sandford and Merton' renown with the liveliest envy."

So long as Macready remained in his home, or went for a row on the reservoir, or looked at his dogs, he was in a most amiable mood. He writes: "Returning, I spent an idle but very pleasant evening, enjoying the delicious temperature and looking through Nattali's catalogue, while Catherine was the Minerva of my Ulyssean locks, and my darling little children were rolling about me." Directly he read the papers—especially the *Times* and *Age*—he felt the wolf of bitterness at his heart. He discovered in the *Post* a panegyric on Mrs. Bartley, "who bellowed most cow-like, never once looking in my face, nor ever producing the shadow of a change in her own." On politics he writes: "What a theatre is the House of Commons! What wretched actors and what vile parts they play!"

Macready possessed a marked regard for purity of conduct. It may be imagined that a man who was always flying into a passion, and who on one occasion actually assaulted manager Bunn, would not be a favourite among the ladies. The reverse was the case, and many a time Macready had to think of some copy-book maxims before he could cope with feminine allurements. But let it be said to his credit, especially when so much scandal is written about the stage, that he

leaves a clean name without a reproach upon his honour in his relation with women. One lady, a housemaid, met Macready in Tottenham Court Road, and, under the impression that he was a bachelor, aspired to the actor's hand in marriage. Macready walked with the infatuated girl and discoursed to her in a fatherly way. On another occasion, when a lady had presented him with a bouquet and a note couched in loving terms, he describes the climax thus: "May God Almighty restore her dear heart to tranquillity, and bless it with one that can recompense her as she merits. God Almighty bless her! I took one little remembrance from her, which will be always precious to me. I kissed her forehead—and no more." With this chaste kiss he took coach to Elstree and plunged into domestic felicity. Here we quote a most extraordinary sentence: "Walked much in the garden, and submitted myself to the hands of Catherine and Letitia to take out the footmarks of time upon my head." There was only one woman, apart from his wife, who awakened anything like affection in Macready's loyal heart. That woman was Malibran. He writes: "I could have loved—once almost did love her, and I believe she was not indifferent to me. It often occurs to me on such recollections: how would my destiny have been altered! I should have possibly been an *ambitieux*—should I have been happier?—should I have had my Nina, my Willie, and little Catherine?" There is nothing indecorous about this incident. It simply affords an example of Macready peeping over the battlements of his moral integrity, and quickly withdrawing to a place of safety—always the same place, with his wife and "darling children."

Macready enjoyed reading Terence, Thucydides, and Herodotus, and his estimation of literature generally was fairly sound. Of Wordsworth's poetry he writes: "It is to me sometimes poor, even to drivelling; lines and passages flash out from its dulness, but not in sufficient brilliancy or number to enliven the heavy labour of working through the book." He is happy in his description of Milton's commentators: "How shallow and coxcombical are the remarks and exceptions of the sparrow-like flock that try to pursue his eagle-flight!" Perhaps Macready, for obvious reasons, attached too much importance to the work of Mrs. Hemans, and he certainly could not appreciate the subtle humour of Jane Austin, preferring the pious books of Mrs. Brunton.

He was, as a rule, happy in the society of literary people. Forster introduced him to Browning and Dickens. When "Strafford" was produced, and the critics managed to praise it, Macready "told Browning it was a grand escape." There came a rift in the friendship, and Macready finally described the poet as "an offensively mannered person," and compared him with a wretched insect! There were no misunderstandings between Macready and Dickens; it was a lasting friendship, and of special interest to the readers of these pages. Macready was generous in his remarks concerning this great writer; but though he hailed him as a genius, he was wise enough to recognise that Thackeray understood and wrote about human character with keener in-

sight than that displayed by the author of "Dombey and Son."

The Diaries conclude with: "There was a crowd at the pit door at half-past one. *Thank God!*" At this point Macready's professional career came to an end. He led a quiet life at Sherborne, and devoted himself to his wife and children. He was not, however, wholly absorbed in domestic affairs. He established a night-school for the poorer boys of the town, and organised lectures and readings, for which he engaged the services of Dickens, Thackeray, and other distinguished writers. After many years of mourning for his wife Catherine, he married again, and took up his residence at Cheltenham. In 1836 he writes: "We reached home about two, and went to bed with the birds singing their morning song in our tired ears. *Thank God!*" Long after Macready had made this entry, his bitterness of spirit vanished. In the closing scenes of his life, before death's curtain descended, he heard the song of peace in his heart.

Uganda and its Tribes

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda. By E. G. DION LARDNER. Illustrated. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 10s. net.)

SEARCHING about for a reason for the publication of this volume, we are forced at last to the conclusion that the author has a highly entertaining story of sport and travel to tell, and knows how to tell it. Beyond this it is difficult to find a reason, for books on this country have become very numerous during the last two or three years, and practically every detail of history, topography, anthropology, and medical science has been exhaustively treated by specialists in the various subjects. Captain Lardner is not a specialist, but a soldier with a taste for the wilds, who shot and soldiered over this country, and then, as so many people do, wrote a book about it. He gives us a chapter on history, another on missions, and yet another on sleeping sickness, but each of these is a mere summary, too short to be of much value in comparison with works already issued on Uganda and its tribes and problems.

The rest is personal, consisting as it does of the author's own impressions of the wonders of equatorial Africa. He has the sense and instinct of the true sportsman. At the same time, he is sufficiently an artist to appreciate the works of nature in the tropics at their full value—more than this, he knows how to record his impressions. He is able to evoke a thrill or two, when telling of elephant hunting and its possibilities, and, in fact, faintly recalls some of Haggard's earlier works on this same subject. Here, but for a few more years' experience, is another Quatermain.

Interesting details of native customs crop up here and there throughout the work, and the contrasting attributes of the various tribes encountered in different parts of the country are given due prominence. The superfluity of chiefs round about Ruengo is remarked on—not for the first time, by the way; and one other point worthy

of mention is the fact that it is unsafe to doctor natives with pleasant tasting medicines. If a boy must have Eno's Fruit Salt, half a teaspoonful of paraffin is a necessary adjunct to the dose, as otherwise that boy will want more fruit salt than lies in his master's power to procure. This is a wrinkle well worth remembering by tropical travellers.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote from the author's views with regard to the present state of Uganda. "The introduction of a currency will upset this easy-going existence," he says. "It will teach them the daily worries of earning bread, paying to live, and making two ends meet; great troubles hitherto almost foreign to them." So far we are entirely in agreement with him, but when he goes on to say that such trials are well worth undergoing for the privilege of serving under the flag of Great Britain, our unhesitating agreement ceases. From the point of view of the Imperialist, it is well that the change should come about, but whether civilisation is in the end of sufficient benefit to the African native to justify its introduction at the cost of what Captain Lardner describes as Uganda's palmiest days, is a question worthy of very serious consideration, and one not to be lightly answered.

Such problems as these, however, are quite outside the scope of this present work, which is extremely interesting, well illustrated, and not a little instructive. We can commend it to all in search of a good travel book.

A Bengali Patriot

A Study in Ideals: Great Britain and India. By MANMATH C. MALLIK, Barrister-at-Law. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT can seldom fall to anyone's lot to read a duller book than "A Study in Ideals"; nothing but a sense of obligation to peruse all that is written about India will sustain a reader to the end. Mr. Mallik is, we believe, an Indian barrister, who has failed to commend himself to a Parliamentary constituency. His book exhibits a professional skill in stating a case and wrapping it up in many plausible words, but he has hardly attempted to conceal or disguise the partisan point of view from which, as counsel for the cause of India, he has regarded his subject. The first half of the volume, in which he lays his foundations by describing what he means by idealism, dilating on the hindrances to its adoption, and developing the aids and ideals to be aimed at, is in reality mere preparation for what he has to say on the relations between Britain and India. A glance at the Contents will give some idea of the ponderousness of the work, of the quasi-philosophy, ethics, politics, sociology, assertions strung together as representing the personal opinions of the author. Idealism is, he says, the attempt to attain perfection in every department of life, and, even if success be impossible, to go as near to it as is open to humanity. Elsewhere, Idealism consists in doing one's best to find opportunities for work and usefulness, and in making the best use

of them when available. The hindrances of life's progress spring both from outside and from within. Some of them he states, as traditions, heredity, selfishness, physical ailments, environment, ignorance, mental suffering, conceit. The aids and ideals might be similarly enumerated, if it were worth while to submit the book to the searching analysis to which he has subjected, speaking comprehensively, the life of an individual or a nation. Many of the views expressed are true enough, if commonplace and deficient in originality, but all of them cannot be accepted. For instance, he writes that "prisoners that (*sic*) are incorrigible or violent, instead of being kept in irons or solitary confinement, which might be tried for a reasonable time to see if they could alter their ways, may for the sake of clemency, as well as of economy, be executed. Keeping such creatures alive in fetters is torture for them, demoralising to their keepers, and needless expense to the State." From what knowledge or experience can he say that "the modern girl finds dance, dress, golf, hockey, shop windows, and theatres more attractive than domestic duties and housewifery"? Such examples indicate the discursiveness of his observations. He has evidently a strong belief in the personality of Satan, who is constantly paraded as the author of evil. Satan has his reactionary emissaries; his joy lies in the perpetuation of jealousies, wars, bloodshed and suffering; he will continue to be triumphant over the forces of good; there is a Satan of self, the hand of Satan pursues schoolboys in the shape of evil company. It is satisfactory to read that, in the author's opinion, Britain has secured ideal political institutions, the first condition indispensable for welfare and happiness; though this is hardly consistent with his view that the Sovereign should have a larger share in the real government, especially of India, where his personality is adored.

As a Liberal Mr. Mallik cannot say enough in favour of the Liberal Government under whom Britain is fast becoming an ideal State, while he thinks fit to write that "to secure votes by deception, the party whose principles are anything but to secure unity among the different sections of the people, calls itself Unionist." Apparently he does not even know the origin of the name. He is equally at fault in writing that in India a Liberal Administration has, because of the officials and non-officials, become an impossibility. He conveniently ignores the recent Liberal measures advocated by Lord Minto. The whole of his long chapter on India is one weary tirade against British rule (though he admits that the British connection must be maintained), against the official hierarchy, or bureaucracy, whom he repeatedly stigmatises as reactionaries, the hounds of reaction, a favourite term of disparagement, though he somewhat inconsistently calls upon the Aryans of India, who are at last awakening into life in Aryanland, like the rest of Asia, to act up to "the teachings of their ancient sages" in the development of their civilisation. It is a bold claim to assert "that His Majesty's Indian subjects are as much British as subjects born in other parts of the Empire, and, if Indians are

exempted from service for not being British, they become aliens to the British Empire, and the British are aliens to India," and elsewhere he speaks of Indian Britons. But he goes further when he threatens that, if racial disqualification is long continued, "it will become the duty of Indians to insist that none but Indians shall control the destinies of the Indian portion of the Empire"; and again he threatens that "if India does not obtain help from British statesmanship she will under Providence find it elsewhere." Aryanland for the Aryans is his main ideal: Indian Nationality is his leading principle. Bengal is the most advanced Province, "the aim and ambition of the Bengali Nationalist is nothing less than to make the Motherland great, and to prove that the Bengali woman is the model for womanhood all over the world." The Bengali has his merits; Mr. Mallik does not mention his defects, as Macaulay did. He sneers at the European notions of fitness for appointments, and objects to Indians being declared unfit before they have been given opportunities to prove their fitness. "The doors to service under the Crown in every department of civil and military administration must be thrown open to the people of India." He has much to say against the Civil Service, Lord Curzon, and all reactionaries, on Liberalism, racial discrimination, on all the old alleged grievances, the wants of India, the problems to be solved, of which we have heard *ad nauseam*. Like a lawyer with a bad case, he scatters his abuse of the other side with some freedom in the hope, presumably, that some will stick; he indulges freely in recrimination, even to accusing Christians and Moslems of idolatry. It is something to find him in favour of compulsory military service, and against Colonial self-government for India. Patriotism makes him a partisan; the Oriental want of humour and his ponderous style handicap his work; his contribution to the eternal Indian question might easily have been made more interesting.

Shorter Reviews

Secret Memoirs of the Regency: The Minority of Louis XV. By CHARLES PINOT DUCLOS, Historiographer of France. Translated from the French by E. JULES MERAS. (Greening and Co. 5s. net.)

WE are of those who hold the opinion that a book of memoirs, in order to warrant publication, should have an undoubted justification, and that unless the justification is unquestionable, publication should be deferred until the book can show its warrant. The present volume is the second of a "Court Series of French Memoirs," which Messrs. Greening and Co. are publishing. The series is said to commend itself "for its substantial historical and social value, and as a lively, picturesque, and intimate account of great dramatic events and distinguished personages of the Court of France." We have not seen the first of these books, and it may be that there is a considerable difference between the value

of the two; but, so far as the present volume is concerned, it cannot be said that it justifies its existence, or, at any rate, the trouble of translation. It may be that its historical and social value is considerable, but the very small public which would read the book on that account could well have recourse to the French original. The account is certainly intimate, but it is just as certainly not lively or picturesque. For the most part, the book excites a feeling of boredom, the most heinous of offences in the case of a book of this kind. It is not even what most people expect in a volume of French memoirs.

Arabic Spain By BERNHARD and ELLEN M. WHISHAW. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS no period of European history is more tinged with romantic interest than that which is concerned with the invasion from Africa, and with the dominion over so large a portion of Spain of that remarkable people who are popularly known as Moors. In this present work the authors present clear evidence of a depth of study and research worthy of the subject, and how much this implies will be realised by those at all familiar with this engrossing topic. The book has a wide scope; for it deals not only with a contemporary narrative of current events, but with the history of Moslem art as practised in Spain as well. Considering the fusion of evidence and the comparative dearth of those data which hedge about the more illuminated periods, the authors—thanks to their painstaking methods and to the sources into which they have dipped at first hand—have every reason to congratulate themselves upon having produced a work which should rank as the latest, but by no means the least important, of the standard books which have appeared on this subject. A very strong point in their favour is that they have taken so little for granted, but have delved for themselves, and, placing the ancient authorities side by side, have sifted possibilities, probabilities, and facts, with the happiest results.

A Downland Corner By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE little sketches of village life revealed in "A Downland Corner" are delightful glimpses of some of the charms of English rural life. There is a great variety in the stories; for instance, we have a capital description of an old-time parson, who was also a ventriloquist, and struck awe into his congregation by preaching from the dramatic incidents of the Old Testament, which he illustrated by making his voice sound from different parts of the church as the various characters were supposed to be speaking. Then comes an account of a feud that had always existed, and, it appeared, always would exist, between two villages separated by a hill, and how the inhabitants of Little Marpleton determined to have a bonfire on the summit of the hill and defy the people of Camford. All went well until it was time to tap the barrel of beer laboriously trundled to the top to assuage

the thirst of the energetic crowd. Ezra Page, mallet and tap in hand, ready to begin the chief diversion of the evening, is tripped up by the Camford folk, who had been waiting in ambush, and now make onslaughts on their rivals. In the *melée* the cask is rolled down the hill, but Ezra, not to be outwitted, rolls after it, still grasping the implements of attack—on the beer. He "drove in the bung . . . stretched himself on his side in the stubby grass, put his mouth to the stream, and was satisfied as he had never been satisfied before. It spurted over his hair, it saturated his shirt, it washed the signs of battle from his face, but, above all, it entered his mouth . . . he gurgled the first lines of the National Anthem . . . the beer ran on!" There are thirteen other stories, all of which touch either a humorous or pathetic note, and are well worth reading.

Germany. Painted by E. T. COMPTON and E. HARRISON COMPTON. Described by the Rev. J. F. DICKIE. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

It is evident that the Messrs. Black do not intend to lower the high standard which they have set themselves in the production of this notable series of colour books. In this last volume both illustrations and text work admirably together towards the picturing; its romantic and dreamy past and its busy and strenuous present. From the point of view of the pictures, if one would obtain a glimpse of these extremes, it is merely necessary to turn from the illustration of the courtyard of Heidelberg Castle to the market-place at Bremen or the mouth of the docks at Hamburg. But, whether dealing with ancient or modern architecture, or with mountains, forests, or plains, the artists seem to have been almost equally successful in their results. Indeed, from the pictorial point of view, it is not only the manner in which each subject has been treated, but the great variety and scope of their very subjects which lends a peculiar charm to the work. The Rev. F. J. Dickie, too, employing curiously short and crisp sentences, has fulfilled his part of the work in a most able and comprehensive manner. He takes us from history to landscape, from landscape to legend, and from legend to manners and customs, and descriptive touches such as that afforded by an experience of the spectres of the Brocken in a clear and very pleasant fashion. The scope of the volume is wide. There are very few corners of interest in Germany which do not find themselves represented in it. This is an added reason why the book should meet with a deserved popularity.

Folk Tales of Breffny. By B. HUNT. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"THE story . . . bears greater resemblance to the work of a poet than to that of the popular novelist, who is the *bourgeois* of literature," states the introduction to this work. Whether male or female, "B. Hunt" is as dogmatic as a suffragette, but we incline to the opinion that the great novelists of English—and, for that matter,

of other languages as well—will bear with one who, displaying none of the imagination which is lauded in this introduction, sets down a portion of the folk-lore of Cavan and Leitrim, adhering as far as possible to the original style of narration. Common-sense forbids us to agree with the author in that these stories must rank among the aristocracy of literature, while fiction—even of the highest order—is set down somewhere between the professional and artisan classes, to give books a species of human classification. Setting aside this emphatic utterance on the part of Mr. or more probably Miss "B. Hunt," we find the book very interesting. Several of the stories, notably that of "The Enchanted Hare," and, in a less measure, "The King's Daughter of France," are reminiscent of the legends of other countries, but the true Celtic turn of mind is here, and well expressed at that. Miss—we conclude it is Miss—Hunt has given us a little work of sufficient value, we should have thought, to enable her to dispense with that vicious dig at the popular novelist.

Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages. By WOLFF PASCHELES AND OTHERS. Selected and Translated by CLAUD FIELD. Illustrated by MAY MULLINER. (Robert Scott. 2s. 6d.)

It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Claud Field to select a number of Jewish mediæval legends and fables and to translate them from the German for the benefit of English readers. With the co-operation of Miss Mulliner, a very pleasing children's book has been produced, a book which, although bought for the children, will probably be often picked up and read by their elders, for these tales, like, for instance, *Gulliver*, are composed of such material, and are written in such a way as to appeal in one aspect or another to people of all ages. Mr. Field has done well to go to Wolff Pascheles for his material, for the Austrian pedlar-publisher became perhaps the most popular Jewish tale-writer of last century. As a gift-book for children, "Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages" well justifies itself; as an introduction to the study of Jewish folk-lore it should receive a welcome from their elders.

Edward Fairlie Frankfort. By Sir HENRY WRIXON, K.C. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE sub-title of this book, "Politics among the People," defines its scope and its author's aim. Edward Frankfort went to Excelsior—obviously an Australian province, though the fictitious name gives scope for moulding local conditions to fit with the author's intentions—at the beginning of his career, and, after a preliminary canter at law, devoted himself to politics. He proved sufficiently high-minded to sacrifice personal happiness and his political career to his ideals.

There is the story, slight enough in all conscience, but its author has woven in with it political and social matters to an extent which makes it essentially a study of a people rather than a novel of personal interest. Not but what the character-drawing is admirable: Quiggle,

the election agent, is Dickensian in type, and worthy to rank beside Dickens' creations in the clearness and quiet humour with which he is presented; and there are others equally striking—it is a crowded stage that we are called on to survey, for the author has aimed at a complete study of a democratic state.

His conclusions, sanely and moderately expressed, augur ill for the future of the democratic movement. Parliamentary representation gives place to delegation, and the author sees no place for parliaments in the government of the future; the sneer at thrift and individualism is noted, and the absence of reason in extreme Socialist theories is well marked. The loss of individuality in the present-day semi-Socialist stage of progress is emphasised, and every point is made with due regard to the vastness and complexity of the question—unanswered yet—of the best means of government. Altogether the book is a useful contribution to sociological literature, and worthy of careful reading for the sake of the problems it sets forth, albeit in somewhat verbose and, at times, laboured fashion.

Things Seen in Russia. By W. BARNES STEVENI.
(Seeley and Co. 2s. net.)

THE author of this latest booklet in Messrs. Seeley's "Things Seen" series, writes with authority, having spent more than twenty years in Russia, both in city and country life. There is no trace of the hackneyed language of the guide-book in any of his chapters—he tells simply and with well-chosen language of the life of the people, their joys and sorrows, their songs and holidays; of the great cities, St. Petersburg and Moscow, and their official and social ways and manners; thus his book is interesting throughout, both to those who know this great, mysterious land and to those who read as strangers. Mr. Steveni is to be congratulated on the excellent array of photographs which adorn this handy little work; many of them are original, and, we believe, have never been published before.

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By ADOLPHE SMITH. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

IF the importance of places were to be judged by their mere geographical extent, there is no doubt that the small principality of Monaco would find this bulky volume of 466 pages an unduly heavy weight upon its shoulders. The immediate neighbourhood of Monte Carlo, however, possesses an importance in the eyes of the general cosmopolitan public which is quite out of proportion to its area. In this book the author has cast his net wide. He is not concerned merely with the ethics of gaming; he has followed the history of Monaco and the influences which the State has worked on other countries as minutely and elaborately as though it were a European Power of the first magnitude. There is no doubt that he has produced an exceedingly interesting work; nevertheless, the second portion, which deals with the tables and ail that is concerned with these instruments of chance, savours just a little of special pleading.

His remarks on local suicide and the exaggerations which he alleges are brought to bear on this point certainly appear logical enough, and since he has thrown down a challenge to various writers—whose facts, he asserts, have come off second best to their imagination—it will be interesting to hear their reply.

What you want to say, and How to say it; in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Norwegian, and Japanese. (W. J. Hernan, Savoy House, 116, Strand, W.C. 1s. each net.)

THIS series of handy little booklets has been specially written to meet the needs of travellers who, for reasons of time, are unable to study the language of the countries they visit, and we must say that each specimen is admirably compiled. Sentences which are in constant requisition in shopping, in crossing a town, in restaurants, and in most of the details of daily life, are arranged carefully, each with its equivalent in the foreign tongue, and there need be no difficulty if the novice follows the rules given for easy pronunciation. Mr. Hernan is to be congratulated both on the use and the appearance of these excellent guides to intercourse.

Fiction

Les Clartés Latentes: Vingt Contes et Paraboles. By FRANZ HELLENS. (Librairie Générale des Sciences, des Arts et des Lettres, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

"**L**A voix du vent dans les moissons" is the note most often to be heard in these stories, and it is curious that the phrase we quote should find itself in a little tale or parable that bears the title *l'Aveugle*. "There's the wind on the heath, brother"—the suggestion of George Borrow is imperious. But M. Hellens is not Borrow. He deals sometimes with vagabonds, but he has no real quarrel with organised society, especially the society of the well-furrowed countryside. Social arrangements appear sometimes to be called in question, but only as tyrants, not as the allies of man. The elemental forces—earth, air, fire, and water—with the diviner instincts of mankind, are the whole stuff of life, and whatever "fond thing vainly imagined" man has added to these to lend variety and excitement to existence must, at the call of the spirit, be set aside. In these parables M. Hellens makes use of fauns and shadows, or incarnations of the winds or water, to steal his peasants from their money-getting or from their complaints against fortune, and to give them new eyes for heaven, earth, and sea, and a new heart to love their fellow-mortals. Even the winter fireside must not content the spent labourer; the wind calls him down the chimney to share in the continual feast of nature. The language is worthy of the subjects, and though the trumpet sometimes gives forth the call of fear, for Pan is ever lurking somewhere, in the thicket or among the rushes, the sounds most often heard are the joyful song of the wind or "*le frémissement des racines dans la terre*."

The Reef. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

ANNA LEATH is by far the most interesting character in the story Mrs. Wharton sets out to tell in "The Reef." In fact, one might even go so far as to say that she is the only one worth the minute and conscientious description bestowed upon each by the author. She is a magnificent character, capable of the deepest affection, and yet human enough to waver when she has to decide whether or no she will accept a lover in whom she originally had implicit trust and confidence, until a chance circumstance reveals a dishonourable incident in his past. Sophie Viner, with her wild untutored nature and reckless desire to have a "good time" for a few days is the cause of Darrow's infidelity to the woman he professed to love. She is consistently drawn, however, and, as far as her limited outlook will allow, does her best to straighten matters out, after complicating affairs by becoming engaged to Mrs. Leath's stepson. Darrow, beloved by the two women, is not worth the amount of thought bestowed on him by each. At the bottom of her heart Mrs. Leath knows this, but hardly dares to acknowledge even to herself that her hero has fallen from his pedestal, and even should she collect the pieces ever so carefully, the image henceforward will always be marred. Some of the finest scenes in the book take place as she first surrenders and then retracts, the old familiarity pulling against the horrible facts she must face and accept. To his credit, the best that is in Darrow shines forth as the light of Anna's purity sheds its rays upon him, and, acknowledging his lapse, leaves himself and their future, separate or together, in her hands. The book closes on a note of indecision; but Darrow is coming after lunch.

Mary Pillenger. By BRENDA. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. net.)

THERE is an avowed object in the publication of this little book—namely, "to combat the influence of Socialism, and to arouse enthusiasm for the Army and Navy and the King." In other words, it is a distinct and earnest plea for the Boy Scout movement. The opening chapters prove that the author has a very good knowledge and an apt way of describing life in the slums, and the account of the development of Mary Pillenger, a Southwark washerwoman, from a slatternly, uncouth, and dishevelled creature into a neat, trim, and respectable member of the society in which she lived constitutes the whole of the story. We would not for a moment detract from the good object of the book, but we think its aims would have been further enhanced had the author allowed the narrative to run upon lines a little more human. After Mary's conversion to the cause of loyalty, everything is assured, and we are not allowed for an instant to forget that the Scout movement and not the story is what we have to bear in mind. This sort of thing savours a little of the methods of the kind but unthanked people who in times past, with a beaming smile, handed us small publications on the horrors of

drink, gambling, or some vice which never by any chance happened to be the one to which we were addicted, as we were harmlessly seated in a train or 'bus. Brenda's handling of slum life leads us to hope that the next story from the same pen will consist of an entertaining book, the chief object of which is to depict the people as they really exist in those districts.

The Soul of Judas. By DOUGLAS PRICE. (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)

THESE stories are different from—not "different to," as the author puts it—the usual run of short stories, in that each one is the expression of an abstract idea. In some cases the expression is rather a failure, but many of the stories are far above the average of present-day writing, notably the one which gives its title to the collection. Phrases here and there throughout the book strike as fine and new expressions—perhaps of old thoughts. "So is the radiance of eternity coloured by the creeds of men," and "all creeds are true and all are false," may serve as instances. Some of the sketches are far more than stories, notably that entitled "The Judgment of God," in which a man arraigns God for the misery of the world, and by way of reply is given a second's glimpse into eternity, after which he asks only to go back and suffer as before. Again the tiny sketch entitled "Euthanasia" is a fine piece of work, small though it is. Having read the book with considerable pleasure, we confess that our only grievance against its author is that his work is far too short.

The Adventures of Bobby Orde. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

SELDOM has the psychology of childhood been more clearly defined than in this study. Bobby is shown us in process of development from childhood to boyhood, a development assisted by a discerning father, and by Mr. Kincaid, the old sportsman who taught Bobby to shoot. Mr. Kincaid sums up the lesson of the book. "Sonny, you can always be a sportsman—a sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby, for no other reason," he says, and we realise that the influence he exerts on the boy will make him a man like himself—a good man.

This is the serious side to the book, by reason of which it is one which can be confidently recommended to all who have the welfare of children at heart, and are in any way connected with the training of youngsters. At the same time the story itself suffers not at all from the presence of a moral purpose. Bobby is human enough and mischievous enough to win the heart of any youngster; his adventures with the toy printing press and with his new gun will evoke sympathy from readers of about his own age, while the necessary thrill of excitement is supplied by the murder of which Mr. Kincaid is accused—wrongly, of course. It is well worth while

reading the story to find out how Bobby cleared his friend of the capital charge. On the whole, we can thoroughly recommend the book as sufficiently deep in its interest to appeal to grown-ups, and sufficiently simple and engrossing to make a very acceptable present for members of the younger generation.

Three Conflicting Views of Art

THAT a publisher could be found in London to bring forth in print, and good print, and place between covers, and good covers, the absurdities that this writer conceals under a cloaked name, is to be regretted. The three-and-sixpences will remain in the net; that at least is sure. The attack on critics, which might have been of value, fails from the fact that our "critical" Cosmos has less qualifications than the most shallow of the men he assails. He does not understand what is the basic intention of Art; he does not understand Impressionism; so he comes to the business with the pomposity and the effrontery that only ignorance can command. He says that "no apology is needed for the publication of this little work"—then why suggest it? above all, why shrink from signing it? For my sins I am compelled to read many books on art, though rarely is one afflicted with the paltry English, the split infinitives, and utter lack of competency of this unnecessary volume. And its demi-godish conceit and aggressive assault on other critics, none of whom, whatever their shortcomings—and their shortcomings are sad enough—could maintain their office in the Press were they capable of the incompetency so blatantly strutted forth as wisdom in these inadequate pages. There is scarcely one saving clause from title-page to index. There is not even the courage of a name—the which is its sole shrewdness. We turn next to very different stuff.

It is something of a relief to turn from all this unpleasant work to the dry competency of a scholarly thoroughness; Mr. John Lane has done well to bring out in a completely new form a more thorough edition of the researches into the career of the Van Eycks which have made the name of Weale almost the supreme authority upon the subject. It is a terribly dry volume; but the sand that goes to make the desert is good, dry, honest sand—not trash. One cannot imagine that any human soul will ever read this book from cover to cover, though for a bet sporting enthusiasts have been found to read every word in a German dictionary. There is an excuse even for cheating on occasion. However, here is the most authoritative book yet published upon the career and works of the Van Eycks; and every student

The Position of Landscape in Art. By COSMOS. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Van Eycks and Their Art. By W. H. JAMES WEALE and MAURICE W. BROCKWELL. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

On the Truth of Decorative Art: A Dialogue Between an Oriental and an Occidental. By LIONEL DE FONSEKA. (Greening and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

will need to buy and keep for reference this prodigious effort. That it is an artistic and vital means of approaching the art of any man, it would be fantastic to suggest. But it is as thorough a survey of the history of the men and the history of their works as is ever likely to be wrought. Mr. Weale's scholarly research into the history of early Netherlandish art cannot be rivalled. Mr. Brockwell is one of the most plodding and dogged detectives who ever hunted documents. Neither man is highly gifted with artistic sensing—this is rarely given to critics and scholars—but each man is a ruthless seeker after the truth of documents. Both men are dry writers, and write of art with about as much enthusiasm as one could raise in essaying verse on logarithms. The realm to which they devote their life is but the servants' hall of the arts. But they keep that basement clean and pure; and the marvel to us who walk the splendid way-faring of the arts, and live in the arts, is that men of culture can be found to devote the loyal service of their all too fleeting span of life to such dry and untoothsome fare. For it has so little to do with the vital significance of art; and its reward must be but meagre return for the pathetically quixotic service. Yet these things be; and men are to be found, day and night, week in and week out, searching amongst dusty tomes of records and documents and dead men's opinions, for the dates of dead men's birthdays, and the little tale of their little doings. Here at least we get the authentic history of the Van Eycks, illustrated with generosity—it is most useful, for instance, to have a reproduction of the Weld-Blundell *Madonna* from Ince Hall—indeed, the very illustrating makes it worth while to possess the volume. As a work of reference it is invaluable. Yet, when all's said, nothing could prove more clearly the guess-work of "experts" than the disagreement of the "authorities," which reduces the whole solemn business to its questionable state.

The third volume that lies before me—though the writers of both these books will probably be horrified to hear it—is as much above the others in its approach to the temple of the arts as it is well possible to imagine.

Mr. Lionel de Fonseca's volume, it would appear, is flung at Ceylon. 'Tis true, the "talk" of the studios is trotted out; no definitions are given of what is meant by words; and the author now and again trips and stumbles over his skipping rope. The true significance of art is not grasped; the two men East and West, who argue about it, clearly mean different things. For all that, here is a man who has come very near to the significance of it all. But Mr. de Fonseca evidently understands the East better than the West, and he becomes interesting where he drops art and comes to the difference of East and West in regard to such emotions as love. I have never seen it better put that in the West we make a sentiment of love and so see woman everywhere; whereas, in the East, woman is but an incident—simply an affair of sex. Shrewd he is also more than once, as when he points out that art cannot live in museums. When he observes for himself he makes good reading; but, alas! he has read so many, many

books, and he has muddled a fine insight with bookish clap-trap. The wonder is that he has kept his eye and brain so clear as to see that music at a formal concert is self-conscious art, and but harsh step-sister to music employed as part of life—that church music outside a church loses its value as much as a painting of a crucifixion over the dining-room sideboard. He claims for the East that it is more artistic than the West because the East makes art its daily life, whereas the West keeps its good utterance in books and shut up in museums and concert halls, instead of making it a part of daily life, from king to peasant—and in seeing that truth he comes near to discovering the significance of art itself. This is a modest little volume that should be in the hands of every man who has an interest in art. Had Mr. Fonseka only started with a basic concept of the word art, such as would hold all masterpieces, he would have discarded all philosophers and critics upon art, and won to a masterpiece himself; but hampered as he became the moment he accepted the false definitions of the past, he has achieved a most notable and remarkable work, and the publishers are to be congratulated on possessing a reader of such intelligence as to realise it. With many of his conclusions I am in direct conflict, as readers of this paper know; but with much of what Mr. Fonseka says, it is impossible to disagree. Lack of space forbids analysis of so full a book; therefore let the reader be advised to get it—he will find rich and stimulating food for thought therein. If Ceylon has brought forth Mr. Fonseka, Ceylon should be proud of her child. And the author would render a fine artistic service to the land he loves by giving us a revelation of the Eastern mind, with which he is so exquisitely intimate.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Aspects of Ireland: The Coming of the Normans

IN a recent paper we commented on the difference given to the whole course of a nation's history by the point of view adopted. Facts in themselves are meaningless until they are placed in some relation with one another—a truism enough, except that, like other truisms, it is apt to be forgotten when it is most needed. For the choice of that relation is a matter of the will. It is impossible for a historian to say that he does not pre-judge a matter; he cannot help but pre-judge it, for he is already pre-judging it when he is choosing his point of view, or when he is having his point of view chosen for him by the instinct of his race or environment. The completest learning, the utmost exactitude, will not save the result if the relation given to the facts so acquired be not in accordance with the proper sympathy demanded by them.

A good example of this is to be found in Mr. Orpen's learned work "*Ireland Under the Normans*."*

* *Ireland Under the Normans*. By GODDARD HENRY ORPEN. (Henry Frowde. 2 Vols. 21s. net.)

should surely be almost axiomatic that the history of a nation during a time of invasion ought to be written from the point of view of the nation itself, and not from the point of view of the invader; otherwise the whole of the facts are thrown into a wrong perspective. Mr. Orpen himself wisely says: "To understand an action he (*i.e.*, the historian) must regard it from the point of the actor and with reference to the circumstances in which the actor stood. When he has really done this he will seldom care to pass severe moral judgments. More often he will find that '*tout comprendre est tout pardonner*.'" Nothing could be more justly said; but what when there are two actors, as usually happens in human affairs? Or to take a concrete instance from his pages. The whole of the first two chapters are given up to examining what he calls "*Anarchic Ireland*," in order, as he explicitly declares, to prove that "due credit has not been given to the new rulers for creating the comparative peace and order and the manifest progress and prosperity that Ireland enjoyed, during that period, wherever their rule was effective." Now here the relation given to the two actors is quite clear and explicit. The suggestion is that Ireland from the ninth to the eleventh centuries was in so disorderly a state that the Normans not only came to bring good rule, but, coming, brought it. The first statement, let it be remarked, is indisputable history. The death of Brian Borohma at the moment of the victory at Clontarf not only suggested a subsequent unrest, but even asked it, seeing he as a Dalmassian had, for the first time since it had been made good, broken up the succession of the Hy-Neill, Northern or Southern, to the High-Kingship. Continual strife became the order of the day, though it is only fair to say that it was not—the continuance of the colleges and schools of learning make it impossible that it could have been—so universal as Mr. Orpen's chapters, dealing as they do with warfare only, would suggest. But the more material question is, was Ireland the only country where such unrest prevailed? A contemporary examination shows that the rest of Europe was in a similar ferment; with the ironical discovery that, in a certain part of Europe, the foremost factor in the prevailing unrest and warfare was the presence of the Normans themselves.

Again, in the setting-out of the protagonists, it is impossible to gather any conclusion from Mr. Orpen's pages other than that Rory O'Connor was little more than a savage chieftain, whereas the Giraldines were men of personal distinction and some culture. It is true that we know but little of Rory O'Connor's private character, any more than we know much more of the Giraldines than is told us by their kinsman Giraldus Cambrensis. But we have grounds for thinking that Rory O'Connor's womenfolk were of considerable culture and learning; and the state of women is generally an excellent clue to the society in which they are found. Moreover, censure is implied in Rory O'Connor's raids on Leinster. It is true that his purposes were personal aggrandisement; but then what were the purposes of the Normans other than the same, they

being, through opposite fortune, in particularly low water at the time? Certainly in no part of the Norman dominions could centres of learning be found the equal of those that Ireland had had since the sixth century, and that had won the land the name of *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*. The truth would far more accurately be put in this way: that Ireland was a country of an ancient culture and civilisation, temporarily fallen into strife like the rest of its neighbours, which must certainly have recovered itself as its neighbours did, but where the chances were retarded by the advent of some Welsh-Normans on the look-out to recoup their falling fortunes.

How, then, one may ask, comes it that a work so replete with indisputable learning, exact in its facts, gives one colour to its arrangement of those facts when a wholly opposite colour may be given to the same facts by a slightly different arrangement of them? Partly the reason may be seen by examining the principles on which the history is worked out. Mr. Orpen in his preface says quite clearly what are the authorities he chiefly relies on; and, for the actual course of the invasion, these are found to be, firstly, Gerald de Barry (Giraldus Cambrensis)—a relative of the invaders, and grand-extoller of them—and, secondly, the French poem "The Song of Dermot and the Earl," both of them admittedly Norman sources. These, however, conclude about 1180, and, says Mr. Orpen, "then there is a brief period of considerable obscurity until, with the accession of King John, the series of English records begins to cast a more certain light." But all this period is covered by the various Irish annals; and one asks why they should be so curiously neglected. Where they have been tested they have been found accurate, fearlessly putting down facts against their own nation; and, at the least, they are not more partisan than the two authorities Mr. Orpen quotes are likely to be. Even their very silence has its importance. For where "The Song of Dermot and the Earl" would suggest a general prevalence of Normans over the island, the silence of the annalists would at least throw a great doubt on the rosy account.

Approaching the whole period under survey from the point of view of the invader instead of the point of the nation invaded, Mr. Orpen misses items of value. For example, it is not for nothing that the invader should have entered by way of Leinster. Its geographical position made it an easy point of arrival, it is true; but it would not have been so used had it not been for an almost traditional disaffection that had, through injustice, been bred in that province. The very Devorgilla incident—which Mr. Orpen at one moment minimises, later to underscore—is itself an echo of that injustice. For the Borohma, the tax persistently claimed from Leinster by the High-Kings, however often it was revoked, had acted and interacted on the province, which therefore had become naturally disposed to hold itself detached from the rest of the island. But the value of this could have found its place only by approaching the

invasion through the whole course of the national history, and by regarding it as a national history.

The pity of it is that Mr. Orpen covers ground that has never had adequate treatment; and he has studded his account with facts that lack nothing in patient intricacy. Every man, it seems, must needs be a partisan, in some degree, in the writing of history; but surely it is a little perverse to write the history of Ireland during an important period, and to write it from the point of view, not of the nation, but of the handful of personal adventurers that preluded an invasion. It is not as though he had called his history "The History of the Norman Invaders in Ireland." Of the learning of the book there can be no question. It will be indispensable to future students; but those students, we venture confidently to prophesy, will not confirm the perspective in which he has placed his facts. **DARRELL FIGGIS.**

The Theatre

"General John Regan" at the Apollo Theatre

WE may presume that everybody knows "George A. Birmingham's" amusing books and already loves his light and kindly humour, the caricature logic of his characters, the fragile qualities of his plots, and the depth, as well as the delicacy, of his implied criticism of men and things.

Knowing so much, and that Canon Hannay is Mr. Birmingham, we may add that "General John Regan" is exactly the farce we had a right to expect from him. Its limitations are much the same as those of his well-known book, "Spanish Gold," and the Rev. Joseph John Meldon of that story is certainly the near relation of Dr. Lucius O'Grady, the hero of the play. Everyone knows the elegant and quiet town of Ballymoy, in county Mayo, and how keen were the inhabitants in regard to making a little money out of a stranger. In the farce Horace P. Billing, an American tourist of far too unpleasant a type to be common, motors into the town, and without very much reason, except, perhaps, that he desires to help the author to make a delightfully gay farce, asks to see the statue of its greatest native, General John Regan, the Liberator of Bolivia. At first the audience appeared to think there was some such person, and, perhaps, Mr. Wenman, who plays the part of the American so cleverly, would do well to show rather more clearly that he is bent on having a joke—for which, as we have hinted, there is not an abundance of reason.

But once the idea is accepted all goes very merrily. Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Dr. O'Grady takes up the General Regan matter with the most wonderful enthusiasm. He soon shows Timothy Doyle, the wily but hearty hotel-keeper—perfectly played by Mr. Leonard Boyne—and the editor of the local *Eagle*, Mr.

Fay, and the rest of them, that there is money in the idea of John Regan. He does not know or care if the American be serious, but he gets that tourist's name on the list of subscribers for a large sum; he shows the place in which the General spent his youth; the ruin of the house in which he first saw daylight, and he soon produces the Liberator's grand-neice, Mary Ellen, the sullen yet attractive servant of Doyle's hotel. This lady is the sole "female interest" of the farce, and she has little to do, but her part is carried out with infinite skill by Miss Cathleen Nesbit, not long ago the charming "Perdita" at the Savoy, and lately the girl who "walked in beauty" in Mr. Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son." She and Mr. Boyne and Mr. Fay and Mr. Gurney, as the Parish Priest of Ballymoy, each gives a strongly Irish tone to their work.

Mr. Hawtrey has been a little taken to task in regard to his accent, but his character seemed to us to be that of a citizen of the world, such as many Irishmen are, and if the mere inflections of his voice were very occasionally faulty, he never for a moment lost the high spirit of gay adventure or the essential qualities of a gentleman of Connaught. Although excellently supported, Mr. Hawtrey makes the play. Throughout the three acts he is ever-ready to plan and to plot; no difficulty is too much for him; impossibilities vanish before his ever-fresh "disguises"; everyone is cajoled by his delicious manner; every situation is made laughable by his sublime logic and his delightful *aplomb*. Whatever may be said of the play—and there are many things that might be improved in it—Mr. Hawtrey has not been so well fitted with a part for very many a long day, and when this comedian is really within the skin of his character, who can amuse us so fully? But there are many other reasons why the play should be successful. The Irish atmosphere, so much more attractive in the theatre than any other, is admirably suggested. The scenery designed by Mr. Tom Heselwood is full of the spirit of the play, and the acting, from the long part of Mr. Hawtrey's doctor to the small one of Mr. Vane-Tempest's aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, is at once easy and completely convincing. We congratulate Mr. Birmingham on the production of so pleasant a piece; it will run merrily for many months.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

DECEMBER.—Herr Erich Schmidt celebrates the centenary of the Grimm's Fairy Tales, which appeared at Christmas of the fateful year 1812. He distinguishes the parts played by the brothers, laying stress on Wilhelm's more tender and poetical point of view. Frau Kurz describes her wanderings in Greece with infectious enthusiasm. Captain von Baumbach communicates an interesting document containing the impressions of an ancestor of his on the campaign of 1812, which he made in the Württemberg service. Some of the incidents may

be hearsay—that of the soldier, for instance, who, about to appropriate his apparently dead colonel's clothes, is arrested by this voice from the tomb, "Peste, je ne suis pas mort"; whereto the robber replies, "Eh bien, mon colonel, j'attendrai." But the most of it is new and authentic; particularly good is the account of the battle before Smolensk.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

December 1.—Flaubert, a great favourite with this review, is again in evidence, through an appreciation of his latest biographer, M. Louis Bertrand, by M. Ernest Gaubert. M. Paul Louis, usually a very sober writer, gives imagination a banquet of conjecture and paradox among the blood-stained Balkans. He blames diplomacy, ridicules the Press, and is very sceptical about the "Crusade." "La disparition de la Turquie d'Europe ne simplifiera rien"—in the Balkans or in Asia, where the Turks will soon again be on the run. MM. Vanderpyl and Cros are very sound in connection with "le cubisme," on the mania for novelty on the one hand, and on letting the artist develop on his own lines on the other. A poem by M. Stuart Merrill, a novel—"les Clartés Latentes"—reviewed in two different places, and several English reviews, mostly dealing with Mr. Gosse, are other features.

LA REVUE.

December 1.—M. Dauzat prognosticates about the future and the Balkans; France has been the dupe of Turkey, but has learnt a lesson; national differences loom large on the eye of the present, but are easily adjusted; witness the Entente Cordiale, so ably served by M. Finot, of the *Revue*. M. Faguet's subject is M. Stapfer's work on the religious inquietude of to-day. M. Chuquet deals with Wintzingerode, a soldier of fortune, who, fighting for Russia, fell into the hands of Napoleon; his subsequent military career belied an early promise. Mme. Louise Cruppi gives a first delightful article on "les Écoles Paysannes Danoises," and the wonderful career of their founder, Grundtvig, who was poet, Lutheran bishop, Anglo-Saxon scholar, patriot, and a good many other things. Though these schools have contributed to an extraordinary industrial prosperity, the principle of the founder was this: "Il souhaitait que chacun, au sortir de l'École, retournât à la place qu'il avait quittée 'mais avec une âme différente.'"

LA REVUE BLEUE.

November 23.—M. Croiset makes a spirited defence of "la Nouvelle Sorbonne." History is made to support the idea of a more scientific basis of study. M. Croiset seems to attribute the change of ideal to the logic of facts in the first place, and to the Romantic movement in the second. M. Flack gives the first of two brilliant articles on Sir Thomas More, and M. Picavet the first of two essays on St. Paul as a Hellenist; he combats Renan and M. Sabatier, who maintained that the apostle owed little or nothing to Greek culture.

November 30.—M. Guiffrey writes of *Le Nostre*, "des-

sinateur ordinaire du roi en ses jardins," who made the Tuileries gardens and had much to do with Versailles. "Il ne pouvait souffrir les vues bornées" may stand for his epitaph. Letters of Tolstoi are printed, with reference to his projected marriage with Mlle. Arseniev. M. Michael Py holds that the irredentism that Austria has to fear on the Adriatic is Slavonic and not Italian; Austria and Italy are driven together by a community of distrust.

December 7.—Two "inédits" begin, one a most thrilling short story of Stendhal's, and the other correspondence of Pierre Lebrun, professor, poet, and civil servant under Napoleon. M. Georges Renard insists that, in pleading the cause of the unemployed, he is pleading for the whole of French labour. M. Babbitt finds a close analogy and bond of influence between Rousseau and M. Bergson. M. Louis Liard gives some educational souvenirs, and "le Français à l'Etranger" deals this week with Sweden and the United States.

REVUE DES ETUDES NAPOLEONIENNES.

In the November-December number Colonel Rousset expounds the combination of supreme conception and brilliant opportunism that was the campaign of Jena; incidentally he judges the Prussian military system. M. Villat shows why Napoleon went to Nantes in 1808—to curb the rural revolt and to find a means to restore the commerce of the town—and what he did there. M. Driault pursues the French army, in his "Souvenirs du Centenaire," from the neighbourhood of Moscow to Vilna; he also gives the circumstances that led to Tauroggen. The journal of Colonel Béchaud, who, at the end of 1812, criticises Wellington's despatches on the campaign of that year in the minutest detail, is interesting and amusing. M. Driault reviews an immense number of books dealing with Napoleon's foreign policy.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

November 23.—M. Plattard reviews at considerable length M. Chinard's "Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVII^e siècle," of which a notice has appeared in THE ACADEMY. M. Chuquet reviews several books, including Herr Walzel's literary and historical essays.

November 30.—M. Gazier contributes a very long and decidedly unfavourable article on a life of St. Cyran, by M. Laferrière. M. Dejob judges M. Faguet's estimate of Rousseau. M. Roustan discusses a life of Palissot, by M. Delafarge.

December 7.—M. Loisy has some reviews. M. Picavet deals with M. Drouet's life of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, and his edition of the "Annales Politiques." M. Roustan notices, among other literary histories, that by Mr. Conrad Wright of French literature; also M. Gaston May's "Lutte pour le Français en Lorraine avant 1870." "My" reviews, *inter alia*, M. Cézard's "Métrique sacrée des Grecs et des Romains," and Herr Struck's "Mistra," an account of a town in Greece, founded in mediæval times and fallen into decay.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

By A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WEDNESDAY was one of the dullest days we have had yet—and that is saying a good deal—on the Home Rule Bill. The Bill is bad enough and complicated enough, but its financial arrangements are even worse. To a thoughtful outsider it would look as if they had been designed to promote friction, not to allay it, as its authors allege. Hayes Fisher, who is a financial authority of some weight, and who has been Financial Secretary of the Treasury and "Chancellor of the Exchequer" of the L.C.C., in a well-delivered speech declared that the arrangements were utterly unsound, because it necessitated the setting up of Customs barriers between the two countries. The English do not at present realise what a costly experiment this must be to themselves. Amery called it "jumble-sale finance, which would inevitably lead to extravagance and waste."

These two speeches were made in moving and seconding a proposal to omit the provision giving the Irish Parliament power to vary either by way of addition, reduction, or discontinuance, any Imperial tax so far as that tax might affect Ireland. Banbury gloomily prophesied that the provision as it stood could only result in an increase of taxation. Herbert Samuel denied the possibility of any of these things happening—he declined to bind Ireland hand and foot. Bonar Law, as is his wont, put concrete cases to illustrate the arguments of the previous speakers. Take this year; they would probably need additional revenue for defence, and would certainly need it for the Insurance Act. Was the right honourable gentleman going to put on two taxes, one for the Imperial necessity and one for the Insurance Act or other social reforms which applied solely to the United Kingdom? Samuel said it was for this House to decide. Supposing the Irish Parliament demurred—what then? There was no answer except the guillotine.

The attendance was very thin all day, but upstairs in a Committee Room Unionists gathered to sign the letter to Bonar Law urging him not to resign, and suggesting that matters were so serious that the question of duties should be postponed for the present. The belief in Imperial Preference and Tariff Reform was insisted on, but it was made clear that it would be time to consider them when we were once more back in power—when we could confer with the sister States, and have a definite issue to put before the electors, and when the great work of undoing and putting right the ruin caused by this Government had been accomplished. Ronald M'Neill sat at the receipt of custom, and stolidly smoked as members filed in and out.

The devotion to Bonar Law is a splendid tribute to the solidarity of the party. Members of both the extreme wings of the party were early in attendance, and signed without hesitation. Later on some members objected for various odd reasons. One objected to the grammar of the letter, and another—although he was a

staunch Tariff Reformer—because it seemed like dictating to our leader; but both came in eventually.

I noted that Wednesday was dull; Thursday was worse. One or two counts were moved, until the Speaker said, in reply to Booth: "We know that there are more than forty members about the place, and we cannot always be having counts."

The question before the House was very dry and technical. The Bill said appeal from the Irish Courts of Law should go to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Opposition wanted the usual practice followed of an appeal to the House of Lords. The Government, of course, had their own way. After dinner we discussed the status of the Lord Lieutenant. Nobody knew what his position or duties would be under the new regime. It appeared that he would be a sort of Governor-General, like those in the Dominions, only with less power. At about 10.20 Pringle, an inconsequent Radical, got up to deliver a few remarks, and came dangerously close to the half-hour. Birrell became nervous, gesticulated wildly to Pringle to sit down, and even shouted his exhortations. "Oh, it doesn't matter if I do talk it out," said Pringle airily; but he was finally induced to sit down. Hugh Cecil protested against this tyranny: "Not satisfied with the guillotine, he puts shameless pressure on his own supporters"; but it was no good—Pringle was squashed and the guillotine fell.

Balfour came in just before the division. It was his first appearance since the holidays, and he was cheered by both sides. The Ministerialists pretended to see in his sudden appearance something affecting Bonar Law's position as leader, but subsided when they saw the two stroll out side by side in perfect amity. The letter has now been signed by everybody except five, two of whom were away, but telegraphed their willingness. The Radicals are bitterly chagrined at this closing of the ranks, especially as ominous splits are once more appearing in their own, and there does not appear to be any pneumatic cement handy to force into the cracks. Of this anon.

Friday was much more lively. The Welsh Bill, as I foreshadowed, excites at the present time far more interest than the Irish Bill. The Liberal Churchmen do not at all like the idea of the way the ill-paid parsons are treated, and moved an amendment so that they might commute their pay. The Welsh Nonconformists were furious. Llewellyn Williams made a most amusing blunder in his passion; he compared young Gladstone to a turncoat who deserted his brother robbers on Hounslow Heath. "We call 'Stand and deliver!' You help us to rifle the mail-bags, and then you turn round on us half-way through the job, and call us mere footpads, and, acting the part of Claude Duval, propose to relieve the lady passengers of some of their jewellery, if they will deign to dance a coranto in the moonlight." It was most picturesque, and Llewellyn Williams did not see whence his analogy had led him until from the laughter of his opponents he found he had compared his friends to highway robbers. Like the lawyer who took up the wrong brief, he hastily tried to make it right by saying in effect that that was the case for the other side;

his own brief was that the Welsh were not highwaymen, they were not engaged in a nefarious transaction; on the contrary, they only wanted their own back, and he wished to goodness Lloyd George was leading them with his unparalleled gift of Parliamentary invective rather than the pale young Anchorite, the Under-Secretary of the Home Department.

Goulding made an earnest plea to McKenna, for the sake of the days when they were both at the same University and had high ideals, to do the right thing by the curates, who were worse off than the vicars. He made out an unanswerable case for the curate; but McKenna said smugly he could not give away other people's money.

Stephen Walsh, the Labour man, said that upon proof of loss in consequence of the Bill curates ought to be indemnified; Parliament ought not to shirk its responsibility. The Government majority went down to 40, to the uproarious delight of the Opposition. "Saved again by Redmond," they shouted. "A good finish to a good week's work," said Balcarras, with a sigh of satisfaction—no doubt thinking of the letter to Bonar Law, as well as the division.

On Monday, at midnight, the report stage of the Home Rule Bill came to an end. Right to the very last minute Unionists fought it. "Jix" moved to omit Clause 40, which deals with England handing over the reserved services, or any of them, or any part of them, to the Irish Parliament at any time, even whilst we were paying the piper. It was an instance of the incurable sloppiness of the Government drafting. Birrell said it was a purely business clause, and it was specially provided for that the arrangement should not diminish the responsibility of the particular office through which the arrangement is made. Bonar Law said that before he came into the House he was all against red tape; he did not know if it was a case of "evil communications" or watching the slap-dash methods of the Government, but he thought they could not be too careful to regularise so delicate a situation. The clause might easily be made to abolish the reserved services altogether—in fact, another safeguard would disappear.

The Post Office and the Customs question again came up, but only ended in fruitless perambulations through the Lobby.

When we came to the appointed day, Tim Healy made one of his vicious, devastating speeches. He was most gloomy about the prospects of the Bill; he hinted that it had been very badly concocted—he meant by Redmond and the Government. He ridiculed the idea that it would take eighteen months to adjust the provisions of the Act. After the Nationalists had supported the Government all these years, they were still to be left to the chances of twelve long months after the passing of the Act, during which, he added, in characteristically dramatic metaphor, the Government "might disappear through a trap-door and the Bill pass away in a puff of blue smoke." The Tories laughed, while the Irish behind him scowled. In a second speech Tim roundly accused the Government of putting in the delay of

twelve months for the sole purpose of having a General Election in the interval. The Irish were asked to gamble for their existence; the clause was the triumph of Orangeism. Here the Ulstermen cheered. The Attorney-General mildly pleaded that the Government were following precedent—it was necessary to bring in the Bill by stages. Tim's speech will be printed all over Ireland, and will make the Nationalists realise that, after all the efforts of their representatives in the House, "the end of the matter is not yet." "There is many a slip" is a very old maxim.

On Tuesday all the journalists in the Lobby kept asking everybody if Bonar Law's reply to the letter had been received. It became public property in the course of the evening, and caused general satisfaction. Bonar Law sticks to his guns on the subject of Imperial Preference and food duties, but agrees to the modification of the method in which these great twin policies should be carried out. In the opinion of Lord Lansdowne and himself, such modification does not involve any principle, and they feel that, in view of such an opinion, it is their duty to remain as leaders.

Some excitement was caused by the news that the Irish had actually applied to the police for leave to have a brass band in a brake outside the House of Commons to strike up when the last division on the Home Rule Bill had been taken. If this incredible piece of folly is committed, it looks as if there will be wigs on the green in Parliament Square; for I hear that a counter demonstration to prevent those patriotic ditties, "The Wearing o' the Green" and "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" being played in the capital of the Empire, under the shadow of Big Ben, is in process of organisation.

The evening was devoted to the Welsh Church Spoliation Bill, but the pettiness and vindictive rancour of the Nonconformists is not worth recording.

Notes and News

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are about to make a welcome addition to their Sevenpenny Library in Violet Jacob's most successful novel, "The Sheep-Stealers."

Mr. William Robinson, whose books on flowers and gardening are recognised as standard works, is publishing with Mr. John Murray a little volume entitled "The Virgin's Bower," which is the poetical name for that lovely plant, the clematis, of which there are several varieties.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are bringing out at once a new novel, by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, entitled "The Man With the Money." This is a story of modern life, in which the author depicts with that skill which has won her a wide circle of readers, the weaving of the strange thread of Destiny.

To meet the demand to see Stanley Houghton's sparkling three-act comedy, "The Younger Generation," Mr. Frederick Harrison has arranged to give extra

matinees of the play every Thursday, beginning on Thursday, the 16th inst. The full programme will be played at these Thursday matinees, as at the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees, and will include "Aristide Pujol" as the first piece, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in J. M. Barrie's delightful one-act comedy, "Rosalind."

The forthcoming volume in Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East Series" is "Ancient Egyptian Legends," translated by Mr. M. A. Murray, the well-known lecturer on Egyptian literature, of University College, London. The author has given a free rendering of the fascinating legends of the ancient Egyptian gods, telling of their loves, battles, prayers, adventures, and sacrifice. The book is likely to appeal to a wide public, while at the same time, in her notes on the subject, Miss Murray has made provision for the more serious student.

The sixth annual dinner of the International Association of Antiquarian Booksellers will take place at the Criterion, on Thursday, January 23, at 7 p.m., with the president, Mr. B. H. Blackwell, in the chair. Among the guests will be Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, and Mr. G. Thorn Drury. An entertainment will follow. Tickets, price 6s., may be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mr. Frank Karslake, at 35, Pond Street, Hampstead, and may be purchased for friends who do not belong to the Association. Ladies are cordially invited.

An exhibition of the work of Mr. F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., editor of the "Amateur Photographer and Photographic News," and a specialist for many years in pictorial photography of the sea, will be open from Monday next until February 22, in the handsome and well-equipped meeting and exhibition room at the Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi, London. The exhibition will include examples of nearly all the best-known printing processes, and will depict a great number of phases of the sea in a variety of moods. The exhibits are all of important size. Applications to view the exhibition should be addressed to the secretary of the club.

A new book by Monsignor R. H. Benson is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. as being in the Press. The title is "Confessions of a Convert." It is the record of the author's religious life and development, with accounts of the various stages of belief through which he passed, and of the influences which bore upon him. The work includes sketches of his home-education, his school life, his ministry, as a parochial clergyman in town and country, his membership in an Anglican religious community; and finally the stages by which he came to submit to Rome and his experiences in the city itself. The book is not definitely controversial; it is rather narrative and descriptive.

The opening meeting of the London Society, formed with the object of improving London architecturally, adding to its beauty, and controlling the development of the metropolis on reasoned and, if possible, commercially sound lines, was held at the Mansion House on Monday last. The Lord Mayor, who took the chair, introduced the subject; the Right Hon. Earl Curzon of Kedleston proposed the resolution, and supported it by a most interesting speech, in which he sketched the ideal

London of his imagination. The Earl of Plymouth, who is President of the Society, moved the vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, and emphasised the point that party differences were to be ignored among members. Sir Aston Webb, R.A., seconded the vote, and suggested a few possible improvements in the City.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

PEACE IN THE BALANCE.

ALL the signs go to show that by the time this article is in print the issue of peace or war will be decided. At the moment of writing, the last fateful word remains with Constantinople, although the Grand Council, consisting of statesmen, soldiers, and other notabilities, has been deferred. Appeal to this suggested tribunal is the outcome of the Grand Vizier's reluctance, in the face of public opinion, to assume the responsibility of giving a final answer to the demands of the Allies. In the meantime, after an interchange of views lasting several days, the Powers have agreed upon the terms of the Note to be presented to the Porte, advising that, as the only means of securing an enduring peace, Adrianople be surrendered. It is manifest that the character of this Note has proved disappointing to the Allies, whose delegates in London had used all the persuasive eloquence at their command in favour of a naval demonstration. That, however, the Powers resolved to offer advice without employing pressure must be taken as indicative of the extreme delicacy which has become a permanent feature of the European situation. In some quarters it is asserted that Germany cast the weight of her deciding influence into the scales on the side of moderation. When we reflect upon the invidious position held by German diplomacy throughout the crisis in the Middle East, we are inclined to regard this latest version of her attitude as approximating the truth. If we look for a good motive in Germany's conduct, as we are bound to do, then we appreciate her anxiety not to lend countenance to any action such as would imply that she had entirely deserted her former protégé. If, on the other hand, we desire to attach self-seeking motives to the policy of the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse, then we must bear in mind that Germany possesses very material interests in Asiatic Turkey, arising out of the Baghdad railway scheme, and that, in order to enable her to extend and consolidate these interests, the friendship of Turkey is as essential to her in the future as it has been in the past.

In all the circumstances the conclusion is inevitable that the representations of the Powers on the present occasion in favour of peace will, as a measure of forceful prohibition, be no more effective than were those of a similar nature, relating to their determination to uphold the *status quo*, which they addressed to Turkey and the Allies before the outbreak of war. Yet acceptance of this view does not necessarily mean that no other way out of the difficulty save a renewal of hostilities

will be found. While the action of the Powers fails to go the positive length of forbidding a resumption of hostilities, it may serve a useful purpose inasmuch as the Ottoman Government will be in a position to extricate itself from its own difficulties by pleading before the bar of public opinion the compulsion of *force majeure*.

At the same time it would be altogether deplorable were the advisers of the Sultan to detect in the innocuous character of the Note a lack of enthusiasm, on the part of the signatories, for the cause of peace. In that event they might hope to create complications out of which they would ultimately benefit, and, as a means to this end, decide on further recourse to arms. Herein is to be found the real danger that besets the existing situation. For there can be no doubt that, were Turkey convinced that she had been deserted by the whole world, then she would not allow the disposal of Adrianople to stand in the way of tranquillity. Her Treasury is in a state of bankruptcy. Her forces cannot possibly hope for a greater measure of success than a period of heroic defence terminable in the very nature of things. And, finally, her Asiatic communities, notably the Armenians, are seething with restlessness. In plain language, Turkey, left to her own devices, cannot adopt any other course than that of compliance with the demands of the Allies. The problem of the situation lies in the fear of internal revolution, unless the leaders of all representative sections composing the nation arrive at an agreement. And it is with a view to a solution of this kind that a Grand Council was to have met.

During the interval of debating what is undoubtedly the most momentous issue that has ever confronted the Empire, it is not at all surprising that there should be signs of a renewal of tension throughout Europe. Rumania, on the principle of "now or never," is vigorously urging her point of view upon Bulgaria; and Austria and Russia have flatly refused to demobilise their armies until such time as the last inch of territory in dispute has been disposed of. Diplomats are not slow in these times of crisis and counter-crisis to make full use of the many opportunities that present themselves for the cultivation of their art. That ugly word "blackmail," which has been whispered in more than one circle of late to describe the attitude of Rumania, has naturally aroused intense indignation among the friends of that gallant little country. "It is we," say the Rumanians, "who have preserved the world's peace. We have been good children, and now we expect a New Year's present." And the Bulgarians on their side reply: "Why did you not say so before? Had you done so on the eve of war, we would have made an honourable arrangement with you. We thought you were so disinterested that you wanted nothing at all." But Rumania is insistent, and Bulgaria is compelled to fall back on the plea: "Just wait a moment until we have finished with Turkey, and know how we ourselves stand in regard to spoils, and then we will attend to you." In the intervals of these specious wranglings the public are daily entertained with the announcement that the delegates of both sides to the main dispute have packed

their bags preparatory to departure on the morrow. But enterprising Fleet Street reporters, lacking for the moment the occupation of unravelling some murder mystery, have consulted the booking clerks of the various hotels at which the Missions reside, with the result that they are able to state that the delegates have not as yet given notice of their intention to vacate their rooms.

MOTORING

AT last, after many months of discussion, protests, and complaints—all equally futile—a really practical step has been taken to deal, in the interests of the private motorist, with the one remaining problem of vital importance to him, namely, that of obtaining petrol at a reasonable price. With a particularly influential directorate, consisting of the Earl of Carrick (chairman), Lord Arthur Cecil, Lieut-Col. F. J. P. Butler, J.P., Mr. C. T. Part, J.P., Mr. A. E. Hodgson, and last but not least, Mr. Charles Jarrott, a company, called the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, Ltd., has been formed with a capital of £1,140,000 for the purpose of acting in direct competition with the monopolist corporations which are waxing fat at the motorists' expense, and which have clearly shown their intention of exploiting their monopoly to the uttermost.

The policy of the "Combine" is based upon the co-operative principle, inasmuch as it is desired that as far as possible the shares shall be held by private motorists, so that the latter can secure for themselves at least a share of the enormous profits which are now being made by the groups controlling the existing supplies. Its first practical step will be to acquire certain extensive oil-producing wells, which have been certified by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co. to be already earning large profits, and an agreement has already been entered into with a well-known British petroleum firm to operate the "Combine's" refinery in this country, at a fixed inclusive price per ton of crude oil. The motor spirit is to be manufactured with the most modern plant, under the supervision of skilled chemists and practical men, and will be of a quality equal, or superior, to the best grades now on the market. From the point of view of economy in production there should be a great advantage in the fact that the spirit, being distilled and refined in this country, will not be subject to the considerable loss by evaporation of its volatile qualities, such as occurs at present in its transportation from abroad. The company will possess its own tank steamers, and storage and distributing stations are to be installed at Hull, Bristol, Cardiff, Barrow, Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester, and London, while other distributing centres will be established as the scheme develops.

From the above particulars it will be seen that the forthcoming "combine" is really an attempt, on a scale commensurate with the importance of its subject, to check the operations of the petrol "ring" by the only means available, namely, commercial competition.

The whole scheme appears to have been thoroughly well considered in all its aspects by the promoters, and the innumerable difficulties necessarily associated with a project of such dimensions and of such a nature seem to have been capably dealt with and surmounted. Mr. Charles Jarrott, who is a man not likely to identify himself with any motoring scheme of any impracticable nature, has expressed his "absolute conviction" that the motorist's only hope of salvation from the rapacity of the petrol "ring" lies in the successful working of a big "combine" on co-operative lines, such as the one under discussion, and his association with the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, Ltd., will carry great weight with those who may have been dubious as to the possibility of fighting the monopolists on their own lines. We are informed that the support already accorded to the "Combine" has assured its success, but it is desired that the whole of the 130,000 or so of private motorists in the kingdom should be made familiar with the objects of the scheme and participate in the benefits which will accrue from its successful working.

The Secretary of the A.A. & M.U. writes that the attention of his committee has been drawn to a prospectus of the Petrol Users' and Traders' Supply Society which has been issued within the last few days. He states that under the heading "Committee of Management" appears the name of Sir Neville Gunter, Bart., "Ex-Chairman of the Automobile Association (Northern Section)." It appears that this statement has conveyed to the minds of many the impression that the scheme in question is in some way connected with the Automobile Association and Motor Union, and he is directed by his committee to state that this is entirely erroneous. While far from desiring in any way to throw difficulties in the way of any attempt to supply the motorist with cheap petrol, the committee of the Association naturally object to unauthorised use of its name in connection with any such scheme. Sir Neville Gunter has assured the committee that the reference to his late official connection with the A.A. & M.U. was made entirely without his knowledge and authority.

The third and final section of the tyre test—that of the plain tread type—is proceeding, and up to the time of writing all the competing tyres are running. The Victor is leading in aggregate mileage, and the Dunlop is also "going strong."

R.B.H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS dwindles as the chance of peace grows smaller. No one says openly that a war in the spring is certain. But we all think it possible. Therefore any big business that can be postponed is put away till more propitious days. No doubt all will come

right. Great Britain has nothing to fight about certainly. But France is perplexed at the attitude of Austria. The great Viennese bankers declare that there is not the remotest chance of war. Yet they see their own Government paying seven per cent. for short loans and they are disinclined to lend even at that exorbitant figure. The two edges don't join. If peace were assured we ought to be on the verge of a big boom. Instead, we appear to be slackening off in all directions. No one has any confidence either in trade or finance.

Everybody is talking about the National Telephone decision. Some months ago a big firm of bankers told all their friends that everything had been arranged, and that the Deferred were worth £190. The suggestion was that a semi-official agreement had been reached, and that the compromise was good for the Deferred. The preliminary agreement figure was not liked. It was seen that if £2,055,000 was taken as a basis the balance would be nothing like big enough to pay £190 for each Deferred share, and then many people began to sell. But though the price dropped from over £160 to £140, the insiders were still confident that at least £150 would be reached. The figures are complicated; an appeal upon certain points is possible, but at the best the Deferred don't look worth more than £110, and at the worst they will get under par. There is not much sympathy for the Company. It has never been popular, and though the slump may cause some trouble at the settlement, the largest losers are rich people who will be well able to pay—who have indeed long since paid for and taken up their stock. It is a warning to the optimist never to heed even a gilt-edged tip, and above all it is a warning to all industrial companies not to invest their reserve funds in their own businesses. The huge reserve of the National Telephone was only partly invested; that remains—the balance vanishes.

All kinds of ventures have come before the public. The gilt-edged Queensland Loan, the equally good Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Debenture, the sound Bergon City Loan, the admirable Debenture of the well-known Australian house of Paterson, Laing, and Bruce: these are good—no one will regret an allotment. But what can I say of the others? The Addinsell Rubber Co. was honest. But was it quite honest of the Mexican National Packing to issue a prospectus and never allude to its disastrous past? It may have been legal, but it was not anything else. Two rival petrol supply companies are in the field. Both intend to let the motorist get cheaper petrol and both will draw their supplies from Galicia. The Motor Owners' Petrol Combine is a *réchauffé* of that most unfortunate Anglo-Austrian Oil that for some time past has been attempting to make a profit out of sundry Galician oil wells. Now it sells the wells and proposes to compete with the Shell and Standard—a quite hopeless and, indeed, almost impudent business. The other will register under the Friendly Societies Act and will be a sort of co-operative society. If carefully managed it may pay its five per cent. and give petrol users a little back. It will work with the Olinier, which owns a small refinery at Ploeshti. But though possible in a small way, it will never be anything big, for it will be crushed by the Shell whenever it makes itself disagreeable. The idea is good, but distribution of petrol is difficult, and all a question of brains and management.

MONEY eases and hardens again. It can hardly grow cheaper as long as the war cloud hangs over us. We are moderately well supplied with cash, and if we chose we could make it very unpleasant for Germany, whose stringency appears to have departed. I say "appears" because actually Berlin has still her heavy debts to repay to New York and still owes London the money she borrowed for the end of December settlement. We must not hope for any reduction in the rate, at all events until peace has been settled.

FOREIGNERS have been steadily supported by the big banks, who dare not let things go. The Credit Foncier

Loan was over-subscribed, and the big applicants only had a small allotment. But this had been arranged beforehand. Actually, in spite of every effort, the French nation took the Bonds with great coolness. If there is one thing beloved all over France it is a Credit Foncier Bond, for is not the chance always in front of the bourgeois that he may wake up some morning and find that he has drawn a big prize? Why Great Britain does not allow Premium Bonds I don't know. They are a much less harmful form of gambling than horse-racing or option dealing. Perus look weak and Tintos have gone flat on the copper position, which seems to have definitely broken. The big selling agencies have at last succumbed to dear money and a failure on the part of the American manufacturer to use up his fair share of copper.

HOME RAILS.—If there is a "bull" account in Little Chats and Dover A, there also appears to be an unscrupulous "bear" brigade who have made various attacks upon these counters during the past week. As the "bulls" put up Dover A on Kent coal, so the "bears" have used the same means to try and depress the stock. As a matter of fact, the tales about Snowdown are untrue, and Tilmanstone will be on the coal in a week or two. The Home Rail dividends will be out in a few days, but the open account is so small that I do not anticipate any serious movements in price. No one is likely to be pleased, but few will be disappointed.

YANKEES have again broken. The copper ring has great power in Boston and much in New York. Therefore any chance of a break here reacts upon the railways. Yet the principal roads are doing well. Union, Atchison and Southern Pacific have had big increases both in net and gross. Milwaukee President is dead, and this is a "bull" point for the line, for he was not clever. The stock can be bought. Unions, as I have again and again pointed out, are much too cheap; no amount of legal bullying can affect this splendidly managed railway, and the latest decision is not of any real importance. What is, however, of serious value is the speech of the new President, who appears to have caught all the silly catch-words of Taft and Roosevelt, and to be using them. He can do real harm if he acts up to his speeches.

RUBBER.—One or two reports have come out. Dolok seems to have done better than was expected, and may make up into a good estate. Malang report will be out in a few days; a dividend may be paid. The jobbers still talk of a small boom, but it hangs fire—the plain truth being that you cannot mark up the price of rubber shares unless you first mark up the price of raw rubber, and that becomes more difficult each year. Besides, prices are already at a high level, and many shares are over-valued.

OIL.—A syndicate of £200,000 has been formed to put up Premier Oil and Pipe. The Viennese firm who took up a big block could not absorb them, and the Oppenheim crowd took their place. The share is to be put to par and then quoted in Paris. But all this can only happen if we get a clear air on the Continent. In the meantime a dividend will be paid. Shells are doing well, but the market is idle. Urals will get their pipe-line in a few months, and should soon begin to bale. But up to now only one horizon has been found. The well at Makat went down 2,000 feet and found no oil below the 700 foot. I cannot think that the Bibi Eybat scheme will put this unlucky company on its legs—nothing ever will.

MINES.—I believe that the Globe agitation will succeed. The board have relented. I congratulate Mr. Turnbull. He had a good case. Those shareholders who have not yet sent him their support should do so at once. I hear bad news of Giants. They should be sold. The Premier report was good, but the price is too high. They talk up Nigerian Tin shares, but we do not know working costs here, and no one should buy. Nevertheless, returns are gradually improving, and this gives hope to the market.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There was some good buying in this market last week, but it did not last. There are plenty of sound industrials to be picked up in the Industrial section. The P. and O. deny that there is any truth in the rumour that they will join the Royal Mail, and this company also declares the tale to be untrue. Yet the "bulls" smile and say, "Wait and see." They also go on buying the stock!

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The war of words on this topic, which has run its course in recent numbers of THE ACADEMY, has now, perhaps, reached its limit. Surveying the field of battle, it may be stated with confidence that the controversy has not convinced the combatants on either side. Both still deem they hold the field and live to fight another day. I think, however, it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that loyalists and revolutionists alike object to some phases of the discussion. The "gentle Shakespeare" was a man to whose memory Jonson rendered "on this side idolatry" the profoundest homage. He tells us that Shakespeare had "an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions." It is little short of outrage on the memory of the Master, to dub him, as does Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, "a masked dummy" and "an illiterate clown."

Had Dickens and Lord Macaulay been Elizabethans, ingenious builders of paper palaces would be gravely asking us to accept the latter as the writer of the former's novels. Theories more fine drawn than schoolmen ever spun would be advanced as sober realities of argument.

At some of the arguments put forward, in the attempt to dethrone the Monarch of Parnassus, we rub our eyes and ask if their "onlie begetters" are dreaming or awake. Thus in 1910 Sir Edwin brought out a work, embodying in detail the thesis of his pamphlet, entitled "The Shakespeare Myth." He gravely assures us that this having been published 287 years after the first Folio of 1623, and 287 being in some mysterious way a number to conjure with amongst masons, belief in the face value of the lines which appear on the title page of the first Folio must be considered shattered.

Taking the internal evidence of the plays, surely it is patent to the blindest critic that their creator was brought up as a country lad, that he knew every trick of the wild life of copse and glade. The language of field sports and country pastimes and the gossip of the winter fireside were household words to him. When his characters spoke dialect their native tongue was that of Warwickshire. Their habitat was the forest of Arden. They describe with minute accuracy the battlefield of Shrewsbury, they heap contemptuous laughter on the name of a Stratford landowner. The second certainty is that the creator of the plays was a man to whom the exits and entrances of the stage were familiar ground. He never blundered there. No man can write thus who has not served his stage apprenticeship. Why then drag in Francis Bacon of all men? Surely to do so is as bad a shot as could well be conceived. Bacon's acknowledged writings are full of noble prose, but classical lore oozes from every stroke of his pen. The magic strains of unpremeditated art, the divine lyrics that, throughout the plays, fall like the gentle rain from heaven, are surely alien to the austere severity of Bacon.

Turning now to the external evidence, Mr. W. Smedley writes in effect that Ben Jonson is the only contemporary whose written testimony links us to the Shakespeare tradi-

tion. If Mr. Smedley's data be accepted, is not the silent witness of all contemporary makers and seers most eloquently convincing evidence? The Court was veritably a stage, about which the immortals played their parts. To imagine it possible for a mountebank, a charlatan Shakespeare, to have held his own when command performances of the plays were given, is surely fantastic. The contemporary lines of Jonson's elegy speak of

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James."

Were these monarchs parties to a conspiracy of mystification? It really will not do. The language of Hemminge and Condell bears the imprint of simple honesty and conviction. When the Folio was published what possible interest could they have had in maintaining a fictive legend of authorship?

Amongst the motley crowd of witnesses Sir Edwin calls, he does not think it beneath the dignity of the discussion to drag in some remarks in the *Tailor and Cutter* newspaper as to the coat in the portrait on the title page of the first Folio. Sir Edwin calls this counterfeit presentment that of a "putty-faced mask." Now Charles Kingsley wrote that four faces were to him supremely beautiful, "not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features,"—Shakespeare, Raffaele, Goethe and Burns. That of Shakespeare he says combines in itself the elements of all the other three.

The negative evidence of the non-existence of documents in Shakespeare's handwriting might be equally used to disprove the authorship of practically all authors of antiquity. We know that the Globe theatre was burnt, and that Shakespeare's only daughter was an ardent Puritan, having married a "hot gossipeller." In view of these facts what is more likely than that her father's handiwork for the stage should have been destroyed by fire? Yours faithfully,

A. E. CAREY.

36, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

A DESPISED WEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of 28th ult., Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence gives a passage from a work of Bacon in which occurs this significant admission: "I had—though I profess not to be a poet—prepared a sonnet." Sir Edwin shows that: "I profess not to be a poet" is intended by Bacon to mean he was a "concealed poet," or, to use the language of Florio, "One who loved better to be a poet than to be accounted so." This explains why Bacon dedicated "Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece" to the Earl of Southampton, and signed each dedication in the name of "the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford." But when in 1625 he published a translation of certain Psalms into English verse, Francis, Lord Verulam, etc., appears on the title page. Of course, this effort in versification is not poetry, neither are certain other "Poems by Francis Bacon," and they must not be compared with the poems under the pseudonym; if they are, then the admission: "I profess not to be a poet" will bear its literal interpretation. Sir Edwin also shows that the beautiful prayer written by Bacon, after his fall in 1621, contains a passage which is strong evidence as to who was the real author of the plays known as Shakespeare's. Here it is: "I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men." Sir Edwin explains "despised weed" as a mean disguise, adding: "What disguise could be conceived meaner and more degrading than the name of the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford." Here is seen the wisdom of Bacon in choosing such a man to stand sponsor for works of such dramatic merit and so procure "the good of all men."

Sir Edwin supports the extract from Bacon by a quotation from Shakespeare's sonnet lxxvi. :—

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name?

and clinches his argument by saying "the writer of the Shakespeare plays, tells us, in the actual words used by Bacon, in his last prayer, that he keeps his works of invention, that is, his poetical works, concealed under a 'noted weed,' a pseudonym, a mean disguise." Is this interpretation admissible? Rolfe comments upon the whole sonnet lxxvi thus: "The poet has already written many sonnets to his friend, and he now asks: 'Why do I keep on writing in this one form of verse, clothing the offspring of my imagination (a common meaning of invention in Shakespeare) in a well-known dress which would be readily recognised as mine? It is simply because I am always writing of you; my style is the same because my theme is the same. The use of 'noted' is proof that no disguise is intended. In a familiar dress he could not disguise himself if he wished to do it.' A 'weed' is not a 'disguise' but a 'garment.' The distinction is seen in 'Twelfth Night,' v. i, 280, where 'her maiden weeds' refer to Viola's true dress in contrast to her disguise, the habit of a page. If Bacon expresses himself personally in the sonnets, why does he conclude sonnet cxxxvi. with this couplet? :—

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is Will.

But this is the pseudonym again in *minimus*.

To the theorist the acknowledged works of Bacon count as nothing compared to the great dramatic works published in folio, 1623. These are claimed as Bacon's, however it may appear that he was ashamed to own any of them, on giving them to the world under a pseudonym. At that time secrecy was necessary in regard to certain works. So he persuaded two men, Hemminge and Condell, to dedicate the plays to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, representing the author as dead. Bacon appears also to have successfully persuaded Ben Jonson to write an elaborate eulogy on him (Bacon) the living author: "To the Memory" of a man (the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford) who had been dead seven years! Bacon died in 1626, and the pseudonym "William Shakespeare" still remains on the title page. This is easily accounted for by comparing Shakespeare's magnificent declaration of the immortal, unchanging character of true love in sonnet cxvi, with Bacon's wooden and prosaic "Essay on Love," in which he regards love as in the main a weakness and evil, and a thing to be avoided. Yet, the Baconian theorist wants us to believe that this, in this respect, ligneous philosopher wrote "Romeo and Juliet"!—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

London, E.C.

TOM JONES.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of December 21 Professor Robert H. Hoare favours your readers with a "cock and bull" story which purports to be a letter from G. Peele to Marle (Marlow), and he asks what have the Baconians to say to it. The answer is that this bogus letter is an impudent forgery of the most barefaced description, and that it is extremely disgraceful to the Professor to have asked you to print it as evidence in favour of Bill Shakes.

Mr. Tom Jones' reference to a royal licence for "Shakespeare's company," in your issue of December 28, is also extremely discreditable, for there never was a "Shakespeare company," and the document to which he refers says nothing about a Shakespeare company, but

says that the licence was for the "King's servants." The document itself is of doubtful authenticity, as it is found among those generally known as the "Cunningham frauds." But for myself I think it is more than probable that the king's licence was extended to W. Shakespeare (of Stratford) because I think that a small share in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres was given to him in order that such king's licence should include his name, and in that way support the Mask which Bacon required.

Mr. Tom Jones speaks of the Dedication of the 1623 Shakespeare plays which is signed by Hemminge and Condell, and seems really to suppose that these men wrote such dedication, which every scholar must know was written by Bacon. It is largely a translation of Pliny's "Natural History," from which Bacon made so many quotations in his acknowledged works.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Tom Jones is not to be very much blamed for his ignorance of the fact that the names of Hemminge and Condell were foisted into Shakespeare's will in an "interlineation" for the purpose of Bacon's use.

The publication of the plays in the 1623 folio was most carefully superintended by the mighty author himself. Probably no book was ever printed so exactly to the writer's instructions. Every column, and the place of every word and of every italicised word in every column, and likewise every misprint in every column, as well as every mispagination, were most carefully designed by Bacon. As I show in a note added to the half-million issue of "The Shakespeare Myth," page 20, upon page 347, which is page 53 from the end of the folio, we find as the 53rd word from the commencement of the new scene, "Wilde Boares." A wild boar is Bacon's crest, and as there are about 2,000,000 words in the plays the chance against this so appearing by accident on the 53rd page from the end as the 53rd word from the commencement of the new scene is two millions to unity. It is, therefore, perfectly true, as is stated in the "Address to a great variety of Readers," which is also signed by Hemminge and Condell, that the MSS. were supplied with scarcely a blot. Your correspondent ought to have wit enough to perceive the rippling law joke so characteristic of Bacon, contained in the phrase which concludes "these Plays have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court than any purchased letters of commendation."

Mr. Tom Jones ventures to refer to "The Return from Parnassus," which affords strong evidence against Bill Shakespeare being the writer of anything, for we read:

"England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,

With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
They purchase lands and now esquires are made."

(This will be found quoted in my book, "Bacon is Shakespeare," page 48.)

Then it is very strange that Mr. Tom Jones should be ignorant of how much Bacon had to do with the production of masques and theatrical devices, how we are told that he had arranged also the "dumb show." Referring to two of these productions of Bacon's Mr. Spedding says ("Life of Francis Bacon," Vol. I, pp. 119-20), "there is nevertheless in the style of both a certain affectation and rhetorical cadence traceable in Bacon's other compositions of this kind, and agreeable to the taste of the time; but so alien to his own individual taste and natural manner, that there is no single feature by which his style is more specially distinguished, where he speaks in his own person, whether formally, or familiarly, whether in the

way of narrative, argument, or oration, than in the total absence of it."

This fully explains why, when Bacon wrote poetry, under the mask of Shakespeare and various other names, his style is so widely different from the style which he employs in his philosophical, historical, and other works, under whatsoever masks these appeared.

The hysterical nonsense your correspondents waste upon the wickedness of all concerned in producing books under pseudonyms is too absurd for words. Who complains that the publishers of Mrs. Stannard's works advised her to sign them "John Strange Winter"? Who objects to Miss Evans' work appearing under the name of "George Eliot"?

To the day of his death Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, when asked about the "Alice in Wonderland" series of works, which he produced under the name of Lewis Carroll, always replied, "Mr. Dodgson neither claimed nor acknowledged any connection with the books not published under his own name." (Ency. Brit., Vol. VIII, p. 370.)

I must once more repeat that my unique library enables me to assert without fear of contradiction that there was during the whole of the golden age of Elizabethan literature no writer of any importance excepting only Bacon and his servants, over whom Ben Jonson was foreman. He is called keeper of the "trophonian denne" in "the great assises holden at Parnassus," where W. Shakespeare appears as the "writer of weekly accounts," because the only literature for which "the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford" was responsible, consisted of his petty tradesmen's accounts sent out weekly by his clerk.

There could be no independent writer because there was no English language suitable for literary work until Bacon had invented it. Before Bacon died, he had been so perfectly successful in providing this country with the noblest vehicle of thought ever possessed by man, that our glorious tongue still subsists upon his translation of the Bible (1611), and his Shakespeare plays (1623), which contain 22,000 different words, of which 7,000 are new words introduced into the language for the first time. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray used more than 7,000 or 8,000 different words in all their works. Surely it is impossible that anyone can reasonably suppose that the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford knew so many as one thousand words. Yours,

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
January 1, 1913.

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—If no steps have actually been taken to form a League as above, I should be willing to try and do so. Perhaps anyone interested would write to me, giving their ideas on the subject. To be of any use such a League ought to be started at once. Yours, etc.,

HAROLD WINTLE, F.R.G.S.

The Royal South Western Yacht Club, Plymouth.
January 12, 1913.

IS IT A MISPRINT?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Speaking at Manchester on the 10th, Lord Haldane is reported as follows:—"The Government had now been in power for seven years, and it was stronger to-day than ever, because they had been doing things."

When one thinks of certain aspects of the Insurance Act and of what is proposed to be done—without consulting the electors—with Ireland and with the Church in Wales, one wonders can *things* be a misprint for *people*?

Somehow Lord Haldane's optimism is not infectious, but let us at least be thankful that Mr. Lloyd George's heart is in the Education Question? Some foolish people thought that he had given it to Land Reform, but these little comprehended its largeness and its versatility. Yours faithfully,

Farnham, Surrey.

H. C. M.

THE MISUSE OF WORDS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your admirable note in a recent issue of THE ACADEMY on the introduction of "Kinema," with its horrible combinations, into the English language, emboldens me to accuse one of your constant contributors of an abominable lapse when he uses the word "sense" as a verb: "to sense"! It "gives me the cold shudders" whenever I read it, and I can only associate it with the effort of a *Morning Post* reporter who recently remarked that a mace had been "gifted" (sic) by Lord Rosebery to Glasgow. Such things make one despair of the Press. Your obedient servant,

C. CHARLES PAINE.

11, Barkston Gardens, S.W.

REGENCY OF BAVARIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—An obvious, and at the same time very careless mistake, was in a recent issue of the *Westminster Gazette*, for it stated that the Regency of Bavaria has existed for just forty years, whereas it has in reality been in existence since June 10, 1886, when King Ludwig II. was officially declared insane, and Prince Luitpold (who died last month at the age of 91) became Regent of Bavaria. That is not forty, but twenty-six and a half years ago. Yours, very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W.
January 10, 1913.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION v. THE BLOCK VOTE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Major Morrison-Bell, M.P., in a recent debate in the House of Commons on proportional representation, though personally opposed to its application, paid this Society the high compliment of stating that "He was perfectly certain that it would go on from victory to victory."

The question under consideration was the adoption of the single transferable vote instead of the "block" vote in constituencies returning three or more members to the Irish House of Commons. The acceptance of the proportional system by the Imperial House with a majority of 311 to 81 must indeed pave the way to further victories both in parliamentary and municipal elections. One of the chief grounds on which the amendment was carried was that it would give representation to minorities in the Irish cities. There are other parts of Ireland and many parts of the United Kingdom in which minorities have been disfranchised for more than a generation.

A very important outcome of the debate is the emphatic condemnation of the "block" vote, which did not find a single defender in the House. This is the system used in

London borough council elections, and by its operation minorities in many boroughs are so completely crushed that although of considerable size they can secure either no representation at all or a merely farcical representation on the elected council. In such circumstances can the President of the Local Government Board withstand the demand for a change?

The main obstacles which proportional representation has had to live down have been apathy and ignorance. The vote of the House of Commons will tend to dispel the apathy of the practical politician, and everyone who desires to be acquainted with this new method of voting can obtain explanatory pamphlets on application. Yours very faithfully,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,
Secretary.

Proportional Representation Society,
179, St. Stephen's House,
Westminster, S.W.

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A Knight of Spain. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
The Fool in Christ, Emanuel Quint. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
The Prophet. By P. P. Sheehan. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
The New Gulliver, and Other Stories. By Barry Pain. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
Harry the Cockney. By Edwin Pugh. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
The Stranger in the House. By Anthony Dyllington. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
Goodies, and other Stories in the Yorkshire Dialect. By Walter F. Turner. (The St. Catherine Press.)
The Sword. By C. A. Benton. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Terrible Choice. By Stephen Forman. (John Long. 6s.)
Seekers Every One. By Beatrice Kelston. (John Long. 6s.)
Faithfulness in High Places: A Fashionable Romance in Historical Times. By Lady Florence Bourke. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 7s. 6d. net.)
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The Indian Theatre: A Brief Survey of the Sanskrit Drama. By E. P. Horowitz. (Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)
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